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*VOL. IV.*



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## UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

No. I.]—DECEMBER 5, 1797.—[VOL. IV.

*Embellished with a portrait of Helvetius.*

## CONTAINING,

	Page
Life of Helvetius,	3
On the peculiar features of the female mind	13
Description of the Copper-mine at Fahlun in Sweden	17
Remarkable instance of Credulity in Louis XIV. and Cardinal Richelieu	23
Remarks on Industry, No. III.	30
A Greek Dream. By M. De Guys	34
Description of the Dampers,	37
Extraordinary instance of Gratitude	39
Anecdote of Abbe de St. Pierre	40
Account of an Apparition which made a great noise in France about the end of the last Century	42
Some particulars respecting the manners and customs of the Russian Peasants	45
Review of Discourses relative to Revealed religion, by Joseph Priestley, L. L. D.	50
Review of the Monk, a Novel	53
Account of Apollo Belvidere,	58
Extract from Rousseau's Social Contract	61
Apology for Fasting	64
Account of a remarkable poisonous Insect found in South America,	68

## P O E T R Y.

The Exile.	69
On the Circaea, by Darwin,	72
Sonnet,	72

## P H I L A D E L P H I A :

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*Where communications will be received.*

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Philanthropos will excuse our declining the insertion of his remarks. However benevolent the motive that induces him to write, may be, the incorrectness of his style renders his performance inadmissible.*

*An Effusion from the top of Parnassus, is even more lofty than the mount itself. It soars entirely out of human comprehension.*

*The Essay on Industry, No. IV. shall soon appear.*

*A. B. Strictures on Truth, &c. are under consideration.*



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DECEMBER 5, 1797.

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LIFE OF HELVETIUS.

WITH AN ELEGANT HEAD.

THE family of Helvetius, originally from the Palatinate, being persecuted there in the time of the reformation, established themselves in Holland, where several of them rose to honorable employments. The great grandfather of Mr. Helvetius was first physician to the armies of the republic, and was of so much service in that capacity, that medals were struck in honor of him. The son of this illustrious man came to Paris at a very early period of life, and was known under the appellation of the Dutch physician. He was the first person who introduced the use of the ipecacuanha root, the virtues of which he had learned from one of his relations, who was Governor of Batavia; and he employed it with great success both at Paris and in the army.

One of his sons, John Adrian Helvetius, who inherited his talents, cultivated the study of medicine also, and, when a young man, saved Louis XV. who at the age of seven was attacked by a very dangerous disorder. He was afterwards first physician to the Queen, and by his care and attention gained the friendship and esteem of that Princess. He married Gabriella D'Armancourt, a lady of great beauty, whom he sincerely loved; and the fruit of this union was Claud Adrian Helvetius, the subject of these memoirs, who was born at Paris, in the month of January, 1715.

Young Helvetius was scarcely five years of age, when his parents entrusted him to the care of Monsieur Lambert, and under the auspices of this sensible and prudent man he very soon acquired a taste for reading. At first he was fond only of fairy tales, and works replete with the marvellous; but to these he soon added Fontaine and Boileau, two authors that must charm every man of sense, though they are not much calculated to attract the attention of infancy.

Being placed at the college of Louis le Grand, he had an opportunity of perusing Homer and Quintus Curtius: and from these two works his character seemed to acquire a new turn. His taste for study was, however, suspended for some time, and he conceived a violent desire for entering into the army. The despotic behaviour of his regents, and the fatiguing tasks which

they imposed on him, disgusted him at first, and he made only a very indifferent progress; but when he came to rhetoric, Father Poree who taught that class, perceiving his pupil to be very susceptible of praise, encouraged his first efforts, and by these means removed his dislike to a college education. Father Poree finding in his exercises more ideas and genius than in those of his other scholars, took the trouble of giving him private lessons, and while he read with him the best authors, both ancient and modern, he pointed out to him their beauties, and exposed their defects.

At college Helvetius first had an opportunity of being acquainted with *Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding*. This book brought about a change in his ideas, and he became a zealous disciple of that celebrated philosopher; but in the manner that Aristotle was a disciple of Plato, by adding new discoveries to those of his master.

The Queen, who was remarkably fond of his father and mother, obtained for Mr. Helvetius, when he was only twenty-three years of age, a place of farmer-general. His parents, who were not in opulent circumstances, were obliged to borrow that sum which every farmer-general must advance to the King, and they bound their son to pay the interest, as well as the principal, from the savings of his income. Young Helvetius, however, had two passions which were sufficient to derange even the ablest financier. These were a fondness for women, and a desire to do good; but at the same time he possessed great probity, and integrity of heart. Whilst he enjoyed the means of indulging every appetite, he indulged with prudence and moderation. Two thirds of his revenue he set apart for paying off the debt which his parents had contracted on his account, and the rest was consecrated to those expences which his age and the goodness of his disposition rendered necessary. Mr. Helvetius had early courted the friendship of men of letters, and among others, that of the celebrated Marivaux, to whom he allowed a pension of two thousand francs\*. He gave a pension also of a thousand crowns to the son of Mr. Saurin, of the Academy of Sciences, though at that time he had not published any of those works which afterwards acquired him so much reputation. In short, Helvetius sought out merit wherever he could, in order to befriend and reward it; and though he took great care to conceal his benefactions, a very long list might be formed of all those who partook of his generous bounty.

Helvetius kept up also an intimate correspondence with Fontenelle, and he often visited that great man as a disciple, who went to propose his doubts with modesty. Montesquieu at that time

\* About eighty pounds sterling.

had published only his Persian Letters ; but in that work, frivolous in appearance, and in his conversation, Mr. Helvetius perceived the guide of legislators. Montesquieu foresaw likewise what his young friend would one day be. "I do not know," said he, "whether Helvetius knows his own superiority ; but as for me, I am sensible that he is a man far above others."

It appears by several letters of Voltaire, that he was very much struck with the genius of Helvetius. "Your first epistle," says he, "is replete with a boldness of reasoning far beyond your age, and much superior to the productions of our dull writers who rhyme for the booksellers. You have a masculine genius, and I am sonder of some of your sublime faults, than of those moderate beauties with which we are so often cloyed."

It is for the most part customary to send the youngest farmers-general into the country, that they may acquire a knowledge of the various branches of the revenue, and inspect the conduct of the different subaltern officers. In these journeys Mr. Helvetius visited several provinces in succession, and wherever he went he was still a great friend to the people. He would never receive the money arising from confiscations ; and he often indemnified the losses of those who had been ruined by the oppression of inferior collectors. The farmers-general did not at first approve of so much greatness of soul ; but as Mr. Helvetius did these good actions afterwards at his own expence, they had no right to find fault with his conduct.

He sometimes had the courage to be an advocate for the people, both with the company of the farmers-general, and with the ministry. A machine having been employed at the salt works of Lorraine and Franche-Comte, which lessened the consumption of wood, but rendered the salt of an inferior quality, Mr. Helvetius proposed either to destroy the machine, or to reduce the price of the salt. It may, however, be easily imagined, that neither of these proposals were listened to.

At a time when he arrived at Bourdeaux, a new duty having been laid upon wines, which was considered as highly oppressive, he wrote to the company of farmers-general against it, and received a very mortifying answer. One day he said to several of the citizens of Bourdeaux, "As long as you only complain, your request will never be granted. You must, therefore, make yourselves be feared. Assemble to the number of more than ten thousand : attack the people employed by us, who are not above two hundred ; I will put myself at their head, and we shall defend ourselves ; but at length you shall beat us, and we shall then be obliged to do you justice." This advice was luckily not followed ; but on his return to Paris, Mr. Helvetius supported the complaint of the people of Bourdeaux with so

much ability, that he at length procured a suppression of the obnoxious tax.

The relief which Helvetius afforded to people in distress, his intercourse with men of letters, his studies, and his mistresses, rendered him far from being so opulent as he might have been; but notwithstanding his great expences, he still found himself in possession of a considerable sum. Being naturally fond of retirement, he purchased an estate, with an intention of quitting the bustle of the world, and of giving himself up entirely to letters and philosophy. An agreeable female companion was, however, necessary to enliven a life of solitude. Having seen Mademoiselle de Ligneville at the house of Madame de Craffigny, well known by her Peruvian Letters, he was struck with her beauty, and the charms of her conversation; but before he paid his addresses to her, he took frequent opportunities of being in her company, and finding that she possessed great dignity of soul, without pride; that she supported her misfortunes with becoming fortitude, and that she possessed great goodness and simplicity of heart, he thought her worthy of his hand, and made her a proposal, which was accepted. But before he married, he wished to resign his place of farmer-general, which he did, and out of complaisance for his father, he purchased that of Maitre D'Hotel to the Queen.

In the month of January, 1751, he espoused Madame de Ligneville, and immediately set out for his estate of Vore, carrying with him two secretaries, who were now of little service to him, as he was no longer a farmer-general. One of them, named Bandot, was a man of a peevish, restless, and cynical disposition. Under a pretence that he had known Mr. Helvetius from his infancy, he took the liberty of treating him as a harsh preceptor treats a child. One of his greatest pleasures was to scrutinise with severity, the conduct, temper, character, and works of this indulgent master; and the discussion never ended without the bitterest satire. Mr. Helvetius having listened to him one day with great patience, said to his wife, "But is it possible that I have all the faults which Bandot finds in me? Doubtless not—" "I must, however, own that I have a few, and who would tell me of them, did I not keep Bandot?"

In his retirement he employed himself wholly in writing, and promoting the happiness of his vassals, and of Madame Helvetius. In 1755, he lost his father, whom he much regretted, and he refused to receive the inheritance left him, wishing to give it up entirely to his mother; but it was not till after a long contest that he prevailed on her to retain the greater part of it. The death of his father was the first misfortune that had disturbed the happiness of his life, and made him suspend his occupations. He,

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however, resumed them as soon as he could, and in 1758 published his book *De L'Esprit*.

Mr. Helvetius spent the greater part of the year on his estate of Vore. Being a good husband, and a good father, he enjoyed there all the pleasures of domestic life, and the happiness of his family was remarked even by those who were not made to feel it. A certain lady of fashion said one day, when speaking of them, "These people do not pronounce like us, the words, my husband, my wife, my children."

Soon after Mr. Helvetius came to reside on his estate of Vore, which he had purchased with all the debts due on it, a gentleman of the name of Vasseconcelle, who possessed a small farm, was found to be considerably in arrears, having not paid his rent for some time. The stewards, wishing to ingratiate themselves into the favor of their new lord, did not fail to persecute those who were indebted to him; and he had been arrived only a few days, when Vasseconcelle waited upon him, to let him know the state of his affairs, and to beg for indulgence. He told Mr. Helvetius that unforeseen misfortunes and embarrassments had for several years prevented him from paying what he owed to the Lord of Vore; that he was not able at that time to discharge the whole; but that he would engage to pay his rent punctually in future, together with the arrears of one year, adding, that if more was required, and if the proceedings against him at law should be continued, he should be entirely ruined. Having then requested Mr. Helvetius to order his stewards to put a stop to the suit, "I know," said our philosopher, "that you are an honest industrious man, and that you are not rich. You shall pay me in future as you can; and here is a paper which will prevent my people from molesting you any farther," giving him at the same time a general acquittance for the whole. "Ah! Sir," cried Mr. de Vasseconcelle, throwing himself on his knees, "you have saved my life, and that of my wife, and five children." Struck with this affecting scene, Mr. Helvetius raised him up, and, after embracing him, addressed him in the noblest and most friendly terms, and made him accept of a pension of a thousand livres to educate his children.

Other gentlemen, neighbours, or vassals of Mr. Helvetius, had recourse to him in their distresses, and many of them he prevented by relieving them unsolicited. Those who during the war had troops to raise, and those who had children to educate, or whose affairs were in disorder, might depend upon the Lord of Vore.—Amongst the people of this class, who were under obligations to Mr. Helvetius, we shall mention only Messieurs de l'Etang, who took every opportunity of expressing the kindness which he did them.

If the farmers had sustained any losses, or if the season had been bad, he remitted something of their rent, and often even gave them money. He established an able surgeon on his estate, and furnished him with medicines of every kind, which were distributed gratis to all those who had occasion for them. When a peasant fell sick, he was supplied with provisions, wine, and whatever else could be serviceable to him in that condition. Mr. Helvetius himself often went to visit the sick; to give them every consolation in his power, and to see that they were properly attended. His manner of terminating law suits was extremely efficacious; he paid down the value of the contested object, which put an end to the business at once.

He was a zealous friend, and remarkably attentive to those few peasants who lived regularly, and conducted themselves with propriety. He was fond of having for his guests old men and decrepid old women, who possessed all that rusticity which is usual to those in their situation, but who were honest, and behaved well.

He excited a spirit of labor throughout all his estates, and he was desirous above all of promoting industry at Vore, because this alone could procure to the inhabitants that ease and opulence which the sterility of the soil denied them. He attempted to establish a manufactory of Alencon point lace; but though this enterprise did not answer, he was more successful in another. After being deceived by ignorant or unfaithful agents, he at length established a manufactory of stockings wove on the loom, which flourishes every day more and more. Mr. Helvetius employed the morning in studying or writing, but he devoted the rest of the day to recreation. He was fond of the chase, but though he was surrounded by poachers, he never punished with severity those who trespassed on his territories. A peasant one day having pursued some game close to the windows of his seat, Mr. Helvetius was so much irritated, that he ordered the man to be watched, and to be seized the first opportunity. Next morning the poacher was found, and dragged into the court by two of his people, who had caught him. As soon as Mr. Helvetius saw him, he advanced towards him in a great passion, and having looked at him for a moment, said, "My friend, you pursue a very wrong course; if you wished for game, why did you not ask it from me? I should certainly have given it you." After pronouncing these words, he ordered the peasant to be set at liberty, and some game to be given to him.

Madame Helvetius, however, incensed at the insolence of some of those poachers, assured her husband, that if he did not punish them, they would still continue their depredations. Mr. Helvetius allowed that she was right, and



promised to treat them in future with severity. He therefore gave orders to his game-keepers to fine those who might be found hunting on his grounds, and to take their arms from them. Some days after they seized upon a peasant, and having deprived him of his fusée, conducted him to prison, from which he was not liberated till he had paid a certain sum of money. Mr. Helvetius being informed of this adventure, went to the peasant, but in a very private manner, to avoid the reproaches of his wife, and having made the poacher promise never to tell what passed between them, he paid him the price of his fusée, and gave him a sum of money equal to that which he had paid by way of fine. In the mean time, Madame Helvetius began to relent, and to be sorry for the peasant's fate. "I have been the cause," said she to her children, "of this poor man's ruin; for it was I who excited your father to punish these poachers." She then went to the peasant's house, and, after asking him the value of his fusée, and the amount of the fine that had been imposed on him, she paid the whole, and the peasant took the money, without disclosing that secret which Mr. Helvetius had made him promise never to reveal.

The same year, on his return to Paris, he met with a little adventure, which plainly shews that neither his philosophy nor his goodness ever quitted him. His coach being stopped in a street, by a cart loaded with wood, which might have been easily drawn aside to leave a free passage, Mr. Helvetius fell into a violent passion, and called the carman who attended it a rascal. "You are right," said the peasant, "I am a rascal, and you are an honest man: for I go on foot, and you ride in a carriage."—"My good friend," replied Mr. Helvetius, "I beg your pardon; you have given me an excellent lesson, for which I must pay you." He then gave the carman six francs, and made his people assist him to draw aside the cart.

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tilion, in driving through a small town in Yorkshire, overturned the post chaise in which he was travelling. On this accident, the postilion, who was much bruised, sent forth loud cries; and though Mr. Helvetius was severely cut by the glass, which was broke to pieces, when he came out of the chaise, with his hands all covered with blood, his whole thoughts were employed on the situation of the driver. Some peasants, who ran to the spot to give what assistance they could, remarked this trait of humanity, and Mr. Helvetius was soon surrounded by almost all the inhabitants of the place. Many of them invited him to their house, and offered him the use of their houses, and in short, shewed him every mark of that respect with which his generous conduct had inspired them.

The year following, in consequence of an invitation from the King of Prussia, and several other princes, he made a tour to Germany. At Berlin Frederick III. gave him apartments in his palace; made him always eat at his own table, and took great delight in his company and conversation. He was received with the same marks of distinction by several other German princes, and above all, at Gotha.

In the year 1771, some change was remarked in his taste and disposition, and he appeared to have lost his usual serenity. He was less fond of those conversations which had afforded him the greatest pleasure; exercise fatigued him; and he no longer pursued the sports of the field. This alteration, however, did not alarm his family or his friends, they ascribed it to moral causes, and were far from considering it as a sign of decay. The public misfortunes with which the state at that time was afflicted, seemed to make a deep impression on his mind. At this disastrous period, he prolonged his stay in the country, where a great scarcity prevailed, and which on that account he thought had the greater need of his presence. His whole time there was devoted to acts of beneficence, and every day some new object was generously relieved by him, but with the utmost secrecy. He often said in their presence to his valet de chambre, "I forbid you, Sir, to speak of what you now see, even after my death."

It sometimes happened that he extended his liberality to very unworthy objects, and when his friends reproached him on that account, he would say, "Were I a king I would punish them; but I am only rich, and they are poor; it is my duty therefore to relieve them."

A strong constitution and good health, seldom interrupted by any malady, seemed to promise Mr. Helvetius a long life; but his strength began now gradually to decline; and a fit of the gout, which attacked his head and his stomach, deprived this worthy character of his life, on the 26th of December, 1771, to the great grief of his family and friends, and particularly of those who had partaken of his bounty.

Few men inherited greater advantages from nature than Mr. Helvetius. When a young man he was exceedingly well made; his features were noble and regular; and his eyes expressed the principal traits in his character, which were mildness and benevolence. He had a courageous soul, and was naturally an enemy to every species of injustice and oppression. No person must have been more convinced than Helvetius, that to succeed in every thing nothing is necessary but a strong desire to excel. He was an elegant dancer, a skilful fencer, an able financier, and a philosopher, as well as a poet. He had been remarkably fond of women, but without passion, and rather through sensual appetite. In his friendship he shewed no exclusive preference, and his friends always found him sensible to their misfortunes, because his heart was tender. His conversation was often that of a man full of his own ideas, and he sometimes displayed them among people who were not worthy of them. He was no enemy to disputation, and he often advanced paradoxes, that he might hear them contested. He was fond of teaching those to think who were capable of it, and he usually expressed this kind of instruction by the term of going to hunt for ideas. He had the greatest respect for the vanity of others, but he assumed so little superiority himself, that several men of learning, with whom he was intimate, were long in his company before they could discover the extent of his abilities. He was afraid of having any intercourse with the great, and in their presence he had the air of being tired and embarrassed. He was already fond of glory, and this made him fond of labor; but it never was the cause of the good actions which he did, for no one concealed them with greater care. He never would give up to pleasure that time which he had devoted to study, and even in his youth, when he had retired to his closet, he would suffer no interruption but from the unfortunate.

The works of Helvetius are, I. his book *De l'Esprit*, published in 1758 in quarto. The literary merit of this production is still the subject of dispute. Voltaire found it to be filled with trivial truths, announced in an emphatic manner.

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It sometimes happened that he extended his liberality to very unworthy objects, and when his friends reproached him on that account, he would say, "Were I a king I would punish them; but I am only rich, and they are poor; it is my duty therefore to relieve them."



A strong constitution and good health, seldom interrupted by any malady, seemed to promise Mr. Helvetius a long life; but his strength began now gradually to decline; and a fit of the gout, which attacked his head and his stomach, deprived this worthy character of his life, on the 26th of December, 1771, to the great grief of his family and friends, and particularly of those who had partaken of his bounty.

Few men inherited greater advantages from nature than Mr. Helvetius. When a young man he was exceedingly well made; his features were noble and regular; and his eyes expressed the principal traits in his character, which were mildness and benevolence. He had a courageous soul, and was naturally an enemy to every species of injustice and oppression. No person must have been more convinced than Helvetius, that to succeed in every thing nothing is necessary but a strong desire to excel. He was an elegant dancer, a skilful fencer, an able financier, and a philosopher, as well as a poet. He had been remarkably fond of women, but without passion, and rather through sensual appetite. In his friendship he shewed no exclusive preference, and his friends always found him sensible to their misfortunes, because his heart was tender. His conversation was often that of a man full of his own ideas, and he sometimes displayed them among people who were not worthy of them. He was no enemy to disputation, and he often advanced paradoxes, that he might hear them contested. He was fond of teaching those to think who were capable of it, and he usually expressed this kind of instruction by the term of going to hunt for ideas. He had the greatest respect for the vanity of others, but he assumed so little superiority himself, that several men of learning, with whom he was intimate, were long in his company before they could discover the extent of his abilities. He was afraid of having any intercourse with the great, and in their presence he had the air of being tired and embarrassed. He was already fond of glory, and this made him fond of labor; but it never was the cause of the good actions which he did, for no one concealed them with greater care. He never would give up to pleasure that time which he had devoted to study, and even in his youth, when he had retired to his closet, he would suffer no interruption but from the unfortunate.

The works of Helvetius are, I. his book *De l'Esprit*, published in 1758 in quarto. The literary merit of this production is still the subject of dispute. Voltaire found it to be filled with trivial truths, announced in an emphatic manner.

without method, and disgraced by tales unworthy of a philosophical work. This criticism, which is, perhaps, just, was not adopted by some men of letters. The work appeared to them to be written with much neatness, purity, and even elegance, though they are forced to allow that the style wants spirit, and often abounds with insipid ornaments. There are few books in which the art of displaying a vast system of abstract ideas has been carried farther; but this system is dangerous in metaphysics, and pernicious in morals. By endeavouring to prove that the faculties of man approach near to those of brutes, and that men in their most sacred duties and tenderest sentiments, are directed only by their interest, he degrades virtue, and shakes that foundation which supports religion and morals, as well as paternal love and friendship. His affectation in calling to remembrance scandalous customs and vicious usages, the principles of which he pretends to explain, may also be dangerous, since they tend to prove that the ideas of vice and virtue depend only upon climate. II. *Bonheur*, a poem in six cantos, published in 1772 in duodecimo, with the fragments of some epistles. Helvetius' poetry is more emphatic than his prose; but neither so clear, nor so flowing. In this poem there are some beautiful verses; but the style is often harsh and affected. That systematic spirit which guided the author did not forsake him even when rhyming. Instead of placing happiness between virtue and friendship, he makes it to consist exclusively in the cultivation of literature and the arts. III. *De l'Homme*, in two volumes octavo. In this work the author attempts to paint man such as nature and society have made him in all places, and at all times, and though he does not always catch his object, it is nevertheless seen that he has thoroughly studied it. The paradox "that men are all born with the same talents, " and that they are indebted for their abilities merely to "education," is there presented under every possible point of view. The inferences to be drawn from this work may be still more fatal than those resulting from his book *De l'Esprit*; because he writes here in a more natural manner, and explains himself with less reserve. He likewise shews an asperity against the enemies of the new philosophy, which is ill suited to that mildness for which he was so justly celebrated.

*On the peculiar features by which the character of the female mind is naturally discriminated from that of the other sex. From Gisborne's duties of Women.*

**T**HE commander, who should be employed to ascertain for the security of the inhabitants of a particular country, the most efficacious means of guarding the frontier against invaders, and of obstructing their progress if they should force their way into the interior, would fix his attention, in the first instance, on the general aspect of the region which he is called to defend. He would view the mountains, the defiles, the rivers, the forests. He would inform himself what quarters are open to inroads; what are the circumstances which favour the machinations, what the undisguised violence, of the enemy; what are the parts which the assailants would find it most advantageous to occupy; what the stations from which, if once in their possession, it would be most difficult to dislodge them. The plan of defence which he would prescribe, while, on the one hand, it would be formed on those fundamental principles which military experience has established as the basis of all warlike operations, would be adapted, on the other, with unremitting attention to all those discriminating features, which characterize the particular district in which those general principles are to be reduced to practice.

A writer in like manner who ventures to hope, that in suggesting observations on the duties incumbent on the female sex, he may be found to have drawn his conclusions from the sources of nature and truth, should endeavour, in the first place, to ascertain the characteristic impressions which the Creator has stamped on the female mind; the leading features, if such there be, by which he has discriminated the talents and dispositions of women from those of men. For it is from these original indications of the intention of Providence, taken in conjunction with such further proofs of the Divine will as the scriptures shall be found to have disclosed, that the course and extent of female duties, and the true value of the female character, are to be collected.

In different countries and at different periods, female excellence has been estimated by very different standards. At almost every period it has been rated among nations deeply immersed in barbarism, by the scale of servile fear and capacity for toil. Examine the domestic proceedings of savage tribes in the old world and in the new, and ask who is the best daughter and the best wife. The answer is uniform. She who bears with superior perseverance the vicissitudes of seasons, the fervour of the sun, the dews of night. She who after a march through woods and swamps from morn to eve, is the first to bring on her shoulders a burden of fuel, and foremost in erecting the family wigwam, while the men stand around in listless unconcern: she who searches with the greatest activity for roots in the forest; prowls with the most success along the shore for limpets: and dives with unequalled fortitude for sea-eggs in the creek: she who stands dripping and famished before her husband, while he devours, stretched at his ease, the produce of her exertions; waits his tardy permission without a word or look of impatience; and feeds with the humblest gratitude, and the shortest intermission of labour, on the scraps and offals which he disdains: she, in a word, who is most tolerant of hardship and unkindness. When nations begin to emerge from gross barbarism, every new step which they take towards refinement is commonly marked by a gentler treatment, and a more reasonable estimation of women; and every improvement in their opinions and conduct respecting the female sex, prepares the way for additional progress in civilisation. It is not however, in the rudeness of uncivilised life, that female worth can either be fitly apprehended, or be displayed in its genuine colours. And we shall be the less inclined to wonder at the perversion of ideas which has been exemplified on this subject, amidst ignorance and necessity, among Hotentots and Indians; when we consider the erroneous opinions on the same topic which have obtained more or less currency in our country, and even in modern times. It would perhaps be no unfair representation of the sentiments which prevailed in the last age, to affirm that she who was completely versed in the sciences of pickling and preserving, and in the mysteries of Cross-stitch and embroidery; she who was thoroughly mistress of the family receipt-book and of her needle was deemed, in point of solid attainments, to have reached the measure of female perfection. Since that period, however, it has been universally acknowledged, that the intellectual powers of women are not restricted to the arts of the



house keeper and the sempstress. Genius, taste, and learning itself, have appeared in the number of female endowments and acquisitions. And we have heard, from time to time, some bold assertors of the rights of the weaker sex, stigmatizing, in terms of indignant complaint, the monopolizing injustice of the other; laying claim in behalf of their clients, to co-ordinate power in every department of science and of erudition; and upholding the perfect equality of injured woman and usurping man in language so little guarded, as scarcely to permit the latter to think the labours of the camp and of the senate as exclusively pertaining to himself.

The power who called the human race into being has, with infinite wisdom, regarded, in the structure of the corporeal frame, the tasks which the different sexes were respectively destined to fulfil. To man, on whom the culture of the soil, the erection of dwellings, and, in general, those operations of industry, and those measures of defence, which include difficult and dangerous exertion, were ultimately to devolve, He has imparted the strength of limb and the robustness of constitution, requisite for the persevering endurance of toil. The female form, not commonly doomed, in countries where the progress of civilisation is far advanced, to labours more severe than the offices of domestic life, he has cast in a smaller mould, and bound together by a looser texture. But to protect weakness from the oppression of domineering superiority, those whom he has not qualified to contend, he has enabled to fascinate, and has amply compensated the defect of muscular vigour by symmetry and expression, by elegance and grace. To me it appears, that he has adopted, with the most conspicuous wisdom, a corresponding plan of discrimination between the mental powers and dispositions of the two sexes. The science of legislation, of jurisprudence, of political oeconomy; the conduct of government in all its executive functions; the abstruse researches of erudition; the inexhaustible depths of philosophy; the acquirements subordinate to navigation; the knowledge indispensable to the wide field of commercial enterprise; the arts of defence, and of attack by land and by sea, which the violence or the fraud of unprincipled assailants render needful; these, and other studies, pursuits, and occupations, assigned chiefly or entirely to men demand the efforts of a mind endowed with close and comprehensive reasoning, and of intense and continued application, in a degree in which they are not requisite for the discharge of

the customary offices of female duty. It would therefore seem natural to expect, and experience, I think, confirms the justice of the expectation, that the giver of all good, after bestowing those powers on men with a liberality proportioned to the subsisting necessity, would impart them to the female mind with a more sparing hand. It was equally natural to expect, that in the dispensation of other qualities and talents, useful and important to both sexes, but particularly suited to the sphere in which women were intended to move, He would confer the larger portion of his bounty on those who needed it the most. It is accordingly manifest, that, in sprightliness and vivacity, in quickness of perception, in fertility of invention, in powers adapted to unbend the brow of the learned, to refresh the over-laboured faculties of the wise, and to diffuse throughout the family circle, the enlivening and endearing smile of cheerfulness, the superiority of the female mind is unrivalled. Does man vain of his pre-eminence in the track of profound investigation, boast that the result of the enquiry is in his favour? Let him check the premature triumph; and listen to the statement of another article in the account, which, in the judgment of prejudice itself, will be found to restore the ballance. As yet the native worth of the female character has been imperfectly developed. To estimate it fairly, the view must be extended from the compass and shades of intellect, to the dispositions and feelings of the heart. Were we called upon to produce examples of the most amiable tendencies and affections implanted in human nature, of modesty, of delicacy, of sympathising sensibility, of prompt and active benevolence, of warmth and tenderness of attachment; whither should we at once turn our eyes? To the sister, to the daughter, to the wife. These endowments form the glory of the female sex. They shine amidst the darkness of uncultivated barbarism; they give to civilised society its brightest and most attractive lustre. The priority of female excellence in the points now under consideration, man is seldom undiscerning enough to deny. But he not unfrequently endeavours to aggrandise his own merits, by representing himself as characterised in return by superior fortitude. In the first place, however, the reality of the fact alledged is extremely problematical. Fortitude is not to be sought merely on the rampart, on the deck, on the field of battle. Its place is no less in the chamber of sickness and pain, in the retirements of anxiety, of grief, and of disappointment. The resolution which is displayed in braving the



perils of war is, in most men, to a very considerable degree, the effect of habit and of other extraneous causes. Courage is esteemed the commonest qualification of a soldier. And why is it thus common? Not so much because the stock of native resolution, bestowed on the generality of men, is very large; as because that stock is capable of being increased by discipline, by habit, by sympathy, by encouragement, by the dread of shame, by the thirst of credit and renown, almost to an unlimited extent. But the influence of these causes is not restricted to men. In towns which have long sustained the horrors of a siege, the descending bomb has been found, in numberless instances, scarcely to excite more alarm in the female part of the families of private citizens, than among their brothers and husbands. In bearing the vicissitudes of fortune, in exchanging wealth for penury, splendour for disgrace, women seem, as far as experience has decided the question, to have shewn themselves little inferior to men. Ask the professors of the medical art, what description of the persons whom they attend exhibit the highest patterns of firmness, composure and resignation under tedious and painful trials; and they name at once their female patients.

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#### DESCRIPTION OF THE COPPER-MINE AT FAHLUN IN SWEDEN, BY A DUTCH OFFICER.

**T**HIS mine is the oldest of all the copper-mines in Sweden. Its privileges are dated in the thirteenth century, and were granted to it by Kings Waldemar and Magnus Ladulos. Since the year 1591 government have been very careful to encourage the working of mines; they have, in particular, given every sort of immunity to those of Fahlun\*, and even the right of asylum for crimes which are not of the first magnitude.

\* Fahlun, called also Kopparberg, is situated in Dalecarlia, and lies in long. 15, 42, E. and in lat. 60, 34, N.

This mine is divided into 1200 shares, and is worked by a company, who sell the ore as soon as it is taken from the bowels of the earth, to the owners of forges, and who are obliged to pay a fifth part of their profit to the crown. The lands lying in the neighbourhood of this mine must furnish a certain quantity of coals for it, according to the size or produce of each estate, and at a price fixed by the King.

The ore taken from the different mines of Kopparberg is not equally rich. There is some of it, which produces from thirty to forty pounds of copper for every hundred weight of ore, whilst that of another produces only two pounds.

These mines formerly were much richer than they are at present, since, in the middle of the last century they furnished annually 20,321 schisp of copper; whereas, during the course of this century, they have produced, one year with another, no more than four or six thousand schisp. This is owing, in part, to the miners having carried on their operations badly, so that several of the arches have given way, and filled up the richest veins with rubbish, which they have never yet been able to clear.

For some years, the exportation of copper was entirely forbidden; but it is now permitted, with restrictions, and in certain quantities. The manufacturing of copper, and principally that of white copper, has been encouraged by high premiums, in order to diminish the exportation of unwrought copper. This mine employs, in its bowels, about twelve hundred workmen.

"During four hours that I wandered about in the bowels of the Kopparberg," says the gentleman from whose letters this account is extracted, "and whilst, sometimes by stairs, and sometimes by means of ladders, I descended from gallery to gallery, my astonishment increased at every step. I at first went down by a zig-zag staircase, pretty commodious, in a pit about two thousand paces in circumference, and three hundred feet in depth; it may therefore be readily judged that it was by the light of the sun. When I reached the bottom of this pit, I observed, in a corner, a wooden hut, six or seven feet high, at the entrance of which stood two half-naked figures as black as soot. As each of them held in his hand a lighted torch of fir-wood, I took them for two of the pages of the infernal deity. This hut covers one of the entrances to the subterranean mine, and the most convenient of four that are found at the bottom of the pit. Each entrance, or well, is distinguished by the name of some Prince or Swedish Lord. As soon as I arrived at the mouth of this cavern, I and my servant were each presented with a dress

entirely black, and made like those of the Heiducs, one of which I put on; a precaution the curious must take to preserve their clothes, otherwise they would be spoilt in the narrow passages which one meets with in these galleries. This melancholy attire, added to a prayer which my guides repeated, to implore the blessing of the Almighty, and his assistance to conduct us safe out of the mine, so intimidated my servant, who was a young Frieslander, that he would neither put on his dress, nor consent to descend. The frightful stories which our guides had related to us, while going down the first stair, of pieces of rock tumbling from the arches, of water suddenly overflowing the mine, of pestilential vapours suffocating the workmen, of ladders breaking, and the prayers which he heard the miners offering up, who were preparing to descend into the bowels of the earth, so terrified him, that his heart failed him, and it was only by reproaching him for his cowardice that I was at length able to persuade him. He then put on the dismal dress, and, pale as death, followed me.

“ That I may not be tedious, I shall only observe, that, after passing through galleries supported by wood, and sometimes under arches which supported themselves, I arrived at vast subterranean apartments, the roof and extremities of which the feeble light of a few faggots could scarcely reach. In some of these apartments there are forges for mending and making different kinds of tools used in the mine. The heat here was so excessive, that the workmen were entirely naked, without the least rag to cover them. Other apartments are employed as magazines, either for containing gunpowder, the use of which I shall describe, or for holding ropes, and various instruments necessary in carrying on such a labor. These apartments have a communication one with another, by means of the galleries already mentioned. In each gallery there are some of these apartments, and the galleries are connected by stairs, or by ladders. There are even pits, which proceed perpendicularly, without interruption, from the surface of the earth, to the lowest gallery. These serve to admit fresh air, and to let down loads, in casks, by means of pulleys, which are in continual use during the hours of labor. These pulleys are put in motion by horses at the summit of the mountain, and the casks are fastened to iron chains, as ropes are liable to be soon destroyed by the coppery and vitriolic vapours which rise from the bottom of the mine. Even iron chains do not hold out long; and, on this account, ropes are often used made of cow's hair or hog's bristles. It is also for this reason,

and to avoid accidents, that the mine s are absolutely forbid to descend, or go up, by these casks, and to enter and quit the mine by the ladders and stairs. The pits of which I have spoken, added to the subterranean forges, and other physical causes, occasion in the deepest galleries such currents of air, that they resemble the currents of a tempest. These currents are absolutely necessary to purify the air which circulates here, and to render it fit for the purpose of breathing. Were not this the case, it would become so pestilential, that a person could not exist here for a quarter of an hour. The galleries are sometimes five or six feet high, and sometimes they are so low, that one is obliged to stoop in passing through them. It is in these places, above all, that the air currents are most violent, and even dangerous; for it often happens that, on quitting a place containing a forge, the heat of which is so excessive that it makes you perspire abundantly, one of these air-currents, as they are always excessively cold, almost congeals the drops of sweat upon your body.

“ The arches which are not supported by wooden work, present, in several places, a singular spectacle, on account of the large quantities of vitriol that distil from them, and which, by chrysalizing, forms prisms of various figures. Imagine to yourself angular points, like those of sugar-candy, of a beautiful green color, hanging in thousands from the tops of these arches, which are eight, ten, twelve, and twenty feet in length. The effect produced by the reflection of the light from these faces, and from the ore with which the sides are filled, may be easier conceived than described.

“ In a gallery, more than seven hundred feet under ground, there is a place for dissolving vitriol, and it is conveyed from the mine by means of an hydraulic machine, which is exceedingly curious. The water of an abundant spring, found at this depth, is put in motion by horses, and this water dissolves the vitriol, and afterwards precipitates it by a trough, containing pieces of old iron. In another, this operation, and the whole process which it requires, is very singular: twenty four horses, that are relieved every six hours, as well as the men, because the labor is carried on night and day, lodge in this gallery, where there are stables prepared for them. Their mangers are cut out in the rock, and when these animals have entered this place, they never go out but once a year, to a kind of review. They are conveyed hither, and taken out, by means of pulleys, and suspended through the apertures made for the staircases and lad-



ders, in the same manner as horses among us are hoisted into vessels.

My curiosity prompted me to descend to the depth of about eleven hundred feet under the earth, where the lowest gallery is, and where the principal vein of the copper is situated. Though the cold which I felt here was excessive, I observed some of the men working quite naked. The severe labor to which they are subjected, in cutting out the rock, and detaching those parts of it which contain the ore, makes them, notwithstanding their nakedness, to be all covered with sweat, while the curious, well clothed, are almost froze to death. The obscurity of these subterranean apartments, the fires, which at certain distances diffuse around a gloomy light, these naked people, black as the ore which they handle, amidst the sparks proceeding from the blows of their hammers, the frightful noise occasioned by their labor, and by the wheels of the hydraulick machines, added to the horrible figures that I from time to time met, with torches in their hands, made me absolutely doubt whether I had not really descended into Tartarus. But all this was nothing in comparison of what happened to me when I arrived at the deepest place, where there is a kind of hall, the roof of which is supported by pillars cut from the rock, and surrounded by benches of the same substance. My two conductors asked me if I would not sit down here to rest myself a moment, and to amuse myself with hearing a kind of music, the effect of which would greatly surprize me.—“What music,” asked I? “It is the strange noise,” replied one of them, “which the rocks make in these caverns when they are blown up with gun-powder, to facilitate the labor of the pick axe.” As I am fond of every thing extraordinary, and as I was convinced that my guides would not expose themselves to any danger, I consented, upon condition that they should remain with me. They gave me their words with the greater readiness, as this apartment is the only place where one is exposed to no risk, and one of them having quitted me to give the necessary orders, returned soon after, and seated himself by my side. Having waited a quarter of an hour, exposed to great cold, and my patience beginning to be exhausted, I told them that if they delayed much longer, I should be obliged to depart without hearing their music; but I had scarcely pronounced these words, when an explosion took place, such as I never before heard. It was accompanied by a flash which lighted these subterranean regions for a moment, as far as the eye could reach, and then left us in the blackest obscurity; for the concussion of the air by

this dreadful explosion had extinguished our torches. This obscurity was interrupted only by new explosions on the right and left, accompanied each time with momentary flashes. These explosions were re-echoed from gallery to gallery with a dreadful noise, like the loudest thunder; the arches under which we sat cracked, and the earth and the benches shook under us, while the idea that I was at the distance of *eleven hundred and thirty six feet* from the surface of the earth, the sight of my guides, my domestic and myself, all dressed in black, whom the flashes occasioned by the gun-powder every now and then, gave me an opportunity of seeing, and lastly, the fall of splinters of the rock blown up, and the smell of the smoke, all united, made, I confess, the small quantity of hair which I have left stand perfectly erect. This agreeable music continued half an hour, and left us all of a sudden in profound silence, which, together with the darkness and suffocation occasioned by the smoke of the gun-powder, had something in it very frightful. This operation is repeated regularly every day, at noon, while the workmen are at dinner, the hall in which I was, and several niches cut out in the rock, serve them as places of shelter from the splinters.

It is the more necessary to employ gun-powder in working this mine, as the rock is extremely hard, and as, notwithstanding this precaution, the miners advance but a very few fathoms every year. One of my guides having grouped about to relight his torch, we returned by another route, about half as short as that by which we had come. Before my departure, I was conducted to a small chamber, cut out in the rock, from the roof of which hung four lustres with wax lights, and containing a small square table in the middle, surrounded by benches, covered with cushions. This small apartment, which was lined with wood to the height of five feet, is the place where the council of the mines meet, which happens twice a year. On one side of it are a kitchen and a cellar, cut out in the rock, for the convenience of those who compose the council, and for the accommodation of strangers who chuse to dine. I here found a small collation, which Mr. Haldin had ordered to be carried hither, and I candidly confess, that it came very seasonably.

Before I returned to my lodging I visited all the exterior works, particularly the pumps, which are employed night and day in drawing the water from the mine, for without this precaution it would soon be inundated.

A stream which flows from a lake on the mountain, and which is conveyed by an aqueduct, puts in motion a chain five thousand feet in length, and composed of bars made of fir, in which as little



iron as possible is employed, on account of the vitriolic and copper vapors which arise from the mine. This chain is double, and draws the water from a reservoir, into which it is raised by the hydraulic machine already mentioned. The water is then carried by a second aqueduct to the bottom of the mountain, into a river which runs past the town. This mechanism for carrying off the water is almost the same as that used at the iron mine of Dannemora, except that the wheel which turns the whole is four feet more in diameter than that at Dannemora, the one here being forty eight feet, and the other only forty-four; and that a small bell is erected here, which rings continually while the machine is in motion, and which ceases as soon as any part of it is deranged. This signal gives notice of any accident to people who are appointed to keep the machine in repair, and who watch two by two, night and day, during the whole year. One of these two must take his station in a kind of sentry box, placed about the middle of the chain, and near enough to hear the bell: he must also, with the assistance of twelve men, who relieve one another, grease the wheels, pulleys, pivots, &c. every moment. Though nothing but copper is extracted from this mine, it contains such a quantity of iron, that the engineer cannot make any use of a compass in laying down the plans of his work.

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#### A REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF CREDULITY IN LOUIS XIV. AND CARDINAL RICHELIEU.

NOEL PIGARD, surnamed DUBOIS, was a native of Colommières, in Brie, and the son of a surgeon. Having learned a little Latin in his youth, he began to study physic, in order to follow the profession of his father; but as he was naturally of a fickle disposition, he soon became tired of that employment, and entered into the service of a man of quality, named Dufay, who carried him to the Levant, where he travelled for the space of four years. Dubois soon gave evident signs of the

versatility of his genius, by the desire which he shewed of being acquainted with the occult sciences, such as chiromancy, magic, astrology, and alchemy. When he returned from his travels, he took up his residence at Paris, and endeavoured to form an acquaintance with those who pretended to be adepts in the hermetical philosophy. Having passed six years in such company, and in debauchery, he began to be touched with remorse, and in a fit of devotion, or, perhaps, having no longer any thing wherewith to subsist, he entered among the Capuchins of the street of St. Honore : but at the end of eight months, becoming disgusted with this new kind of life, he laid aside the frock, and made his escape, by getting over the walls of the Tuilleries. As he had not yet openly made profession, little notice was taken of his flight. Three years after, his restless disposition brought him back into seraphic order ; and when the time of his noviciate was expired, he pronounced the vows, was admitted into holy orders, and even to the priesthood, and assumed the name of Father Simon. Having retained his former manners, together with the companions of his pleasures, his turn for dissipation was renewed ; he, therefore, quitted the habit of a Capuchin, and set out on a journey into Germany. Here he embraced the Lutheran religion, and gave himself up entirely to the study of alchemy : he did not, however, acquire the art of making gold, but he learned the secret of imposing upon the ignorant, by pretending to be able to discover the philosopher's stone. With this excellent secret, he returned to Paris, where he expected to find plenty of dupes ; and as he thought that the Capuchins would not give themselves any farther trouble concerning him, after an absence of seven or eight years, he abjured his apostacy, and married at St. Sulpice, a woman named Susannah Le Clerc.

Dubois, by his artifice and effrontery, found means to get intimately acquainted with several people of quality ; and, among others, with the Abbe Blondeau, uncle of Madame de Chavigny. The Abbe, who was a weak and credulous man, considered Dubois as a wonderful character, possessed of the most curious secrets, and particularly of that of making gold with the greatest facility. The Abbe made him acquainted with the famous Father Joseph, from whom he obtained a promise that no notice would be taken of his past life. The good Capuchin granted every thing required of him, in hopes of procuring to his protector Cardinal Richelieu, an adept who would augment the grandeur of his Eminence and the riches of France,

and furnish the means of easing the people, and of defraying all the expences of a ruinous war carried on against the enemies of the King. His Eminence was soon informed of this happy adventure ; and as Father Joseph had full ascendancy over him, he did not entertain the smallest doubt of the truth of what had been told him. It was at length agreed, that this maker of gold should give an essay of his art in presence of the King, the Queen, the Cardinal, Father Joseph, the Abbe Blondeau, several superintendants, and of others who were highly interested in the success of this great work. A day being fixed upon, Dubois repaired to the Louvre, carrying with him a crucible and other apparatus necessary for making the experiment. A fire was lighted up, and his vessels were placed in order ; but, to avoid all suspicion of deception, he admitted, as his assistant in the work, an officer of the body guards, named Saint Amour, whom the King himself had chosen for that purpose. When every thing was ready, Dubois asked, with a loud voice, if his majesty would be pleased to order one of the soldiers to bring him ten or twelve gun bullets, that he might convert them into gold, which was done in the most formal manner, and with all the solemnity of mystery. When the lead was put into the crucible, it was exposed to that degree of heat which was requisite to produce the desired effect : and Dubois, at the same time, took care to shew the spectators that he threw upon the bullets about a grain of what he called his power of projection. After which he covered the lead in the crucible with ashes, being very necessary, as he pretended, to forward the process ; but in reality the better to conceal his manœuvres. When it was time to shew the result of this grand operation, Dubois, under pretence of arranging the crucible, dexterously, and without any one perceiving it, as he afterwards confessed, slipped a certain quantity of gold under the ashes. Being then well assured, that he had obtained gold, he begged the King to remove the ashes with a pair of bellows, or to order any one else to do it. The King was unwilling to entrust this office to any one, and as he blew with great violence, through impatience to discover this specimen of the great riches which were promised him, the curious spectators, who were all attention, were covered with the ashes, which flew about the room ; nor did the Queen escape without receiving her share of them. At length, when the golden ingot appeared, it excited a shout of joy in the whole assembly, and caused so agreeable a surprise, that his Majesty and his Eminence embraced Dubois, and bestowed upon him every mark

favor, satisfaction, and gratitude. The King, in the enthusiasm of joy, declared him noble, and knighted him upon the spot. He, at the same time, conferred upon him the office of president of the treasuries of France, of the new creation, at Montpellier, and gave him permission to hunt wherever he chose throughout all the royal domains. The Cardinal said, that his Majesty ought to abolish all the tolls, taxes, imposts, and subsidies, which were burdensome to the people, and retain only for himself some rights, together with the crown lands, as marks of his sovereignty and supreme power, and he announced the revival of the golden age, and the superiority of France over all the nations of Europe. A Cardinal's hat was again promised to Father Joseph; the Abbe Blondeau was named counsellor of state, and the same day had his letters patent, with a promise of the first vacant bishoprick. Saint Amour received eight thousand livres† for having assisted at this noble experiment; in short, the whole court were ravished with the discovery, and appeared to be intoxicated with joy. Dubois made a new experiment, and employed the same dexterity to preserve the enthusiasm of the spectators. The king himself took the crucible from the fire, with a pair of tongs, and the sight of a second ingot redoubled his pleasure, though it was less than the first, which weighed nine ounces, the weight of the other being only four. A goldsmith was immediately sent for, who, after having assayed the two specimens, found that they were nothing else but pistoles, that is to say, gold twenty-two carrats fine. Dubois fearing that this similarity in the fineness of his gold to that of money might create some suspicion, took the earliest opportunity of declaring, that he made gold of this standard as specimens, but that, when he should begin to make it in large quantities, it would be pure, and twenty-four carrats fine. This reason satisfied the assembly, who took pleasure in their illusion, but it appeared very suspicious to the goldsmith.

After the experiments were made, and when nothing more seemed wanting, the Cardinal took Dubois aside, and discoursed with him concerning the quantity of gold which it would be necessary for him to furnish; he informed him that the king would have occasion for 600,000 livres regularly every week; and this impostor had the effrontery to promise that sum, provided he would allow him ten days, to give, as he said, the last degree of strength to the nine ounces of the powder of multiplication which he had, and which

† Above three hundred pounds sterling.



by accident had become crude, adding, that he intended to bring it to the highest perfection, and to make pure gold. The Cardinal replied, that he would not only allow him ten, but twenty days, if he should find them necessary. Dubois, instead of applying to labor, which he knew would be in vain, employed his time in the pleasures of the chase, and in the joys of the table; he assembled all the adepts with whom he was acquainted, regaled them in the most magnificent manner, and entertained them with an account of his success, and of his sublime science. He was now every where looked upon as an extraordinary man, and in some measure as a deity. The time however was elapsing, and no preparation was made: the Cardinal sent Father Joseph to solicit the maker of gold to begin his operations; he requested some days longer, but he employed them to little better purpose; while the King was very impatient to see the golden mountains which Dubois had promised him. As they did not appear, both the King and the Cardinal began to suspect that they had been duped, which indeed was the case. Orders were given to watch Dubois, and to prevent him from absconding, as he intended, and his Eminence sent people, in one of his own carriages, to search for him. When he arrived at Ruel, the Cardinal would not see him; but caused him to be confined, in order that he might apply to his work. Dubois made, or pretended to make, several attempts, without producing any thing. He was then transported to the castle of Vincennes, where, after many trials, still in vain, it at length clearly appeared that he was an impostor, and Mr. Fermas conducted him in a coach to the Bastile. The Cardinal could not forgive him, for having imposed upon him in so solemn and public a manner: commissioners were appointed to try him; and his Eminence wishing that it might appear he had been deceived by some supernatural art, ordered them to insist principally on the crime of magic, of which Dubois was now accused. Before they proceeded to the trial, Mr. Fermas, who was at the head of the commission, endeavoured to make himself acquainted with the nature of alchemy; he perused several treatises upon that foolish science, after which he interrogated Dubois, first respecting the terms of the hermetical art and magic, and afterwards concerning the filing of money, which was indeed all the art possessed by this wretched impostor, though he would not acknowledge it. After a trial, which lasted ten or twelve days, he was condemned to the rack, in order that he might be compelled to disclose the truth, and to confess that he intended to deceive

the king and the cardinal, Dubois, however, had the impudence to maintain that he was not guilty of such a design; and to justify himself, he declared he was ready to repeat his experiments, and to make gold. Upon this he was taken from the rack, and as people are generally very credulous in things which they ardently desire, every necessary was ordered to be got ready for him next morning, that he might begin his labour. Two of the most skilful goldsmiths of Paris were however invited to be present, and to watch all his motions. Dubois lighted up his fire in his usual manner, and people, appointed for the purpose, executed with the greatest punctuality whatever he commanded. He himself touched very few things; however as he was narrowly watched by the two goldsmiths, and as he besides wanted some golden powder, which, he said, he could not procure in prison, he lengthened out his experiments till the close of the day; but he at last abandoned them, saying, he was not free to reveal his secret, and that he would not teach it to people whom he did not know. When he saw that the rack was to be again applied, he promised to make a full confession of all his deceptions, which he did, and discovered the means he had employed to deceive the king, the cardinal, and his ministers. After he had made this confession, he was interrogated with respect to magic, the truth of which, people even at that time were foolish enough to believe. It is pretended, that he himself was convinced of it, and that he could not help acknowledging it. The questions put to him were founded upon an accident which happened during the night to one of the cardinal's guards, when this impostor was detained at Ruel. It is related, that at this guard complained of being severely beaten, about two o'clock in the morning, without being able to see, or to touch the person who struck him; and a report was spread abroad that it was the devil, whom Dubois had let loose, to revenge himself for the bad treatment he had met with. This fact, with several others, is mentioned in the process, as proofs of his practising forcery. Mr. Fermas interrogating him with respect to this magic, which he denied but feebly, asked him, why the devils, who were his friends, or under his command, did not rescue him from prison, or teach him the valuable secret of making gold, of which he had boasted so much, as these were the greatest services they could have rendered him in the situation in which he then was. To these questions, which were indeed unanswerable, he made no reply. After this second accusation, the commissioners proceeded to a third, much more just, which was his debasing and filing the current coin. To support this

charge, there were found at Dubois' apartments several instruments, and pieces of filed money. The powder, which he procured in this manner, was the bait he employed to impse on the weak and credulous; for, with the value of eight or ten pistoles, of which he made small ingots, and by using them in his experiments, and shewing them as specimens of what he could do, he drew large sums from those who were silly enough to suffer themselves to be deceived. The Abbe Blondeau, who was his confidant, and at the same time his dupe, had advanced him eight thousand francs, before he introduced him to Father Joseph.

Dubois had written a small book, which, he said, contained his secret for making gold; and he sold this work, in manuscript for more or less, according as he found interested and credulous purchasers; there were even some of his disciples, people of good character, who sold it for his behoof. Mr. De la Jaille, master of the accompts of Nantz, is mentioned among others.

In short, this impostor, being convicted of several crimes deserving death, was condemned to be hung. He, however, still maintained that he had made gold, and that the dread of the rack only had made him acknowledge the contrary. No attention was paid to this assertion; and as he was going to the place of punishment, his confessor, who was a Carmelite, prevailed on him to acknowledge his crimes; upon which he was conducted to the house of a notary, where he declared and certified, as he was about to launch into eternity, and to render an account of his actions to the Supreme Being, that he had deceived the king, the queen, and the cardinal, by premeditated design; that he implored their pardon; that all he had done was mere imposture, that he had never known or seen any person who could make gold, except by deception; but that even this art had enabled him to live very comfortably, which it was easy for him to do, as the world abounded with credulous people. In presence of Mr. Ferinas he signed a declaration, by which he acquitted Saint Amour, whom he had accused by his answers on his trial; after which he was again put into the cart, and drawn to the place of execution, where he suffered the punishment inflicted by the law, with courage and resignation, on the 25th of June, 1637.

History makes mention of three impostors of this kind, who attempted to deceive some of the kings of France, by pretending to be acquainted with the art of making gold.

The first was one named John Gaultier, Baron of Plumeroles, who deceived Charles IX. and borrowed from him 120,000 livres, after having worked only eight days; but two months after he

was taken, and hanged. The second was called Guy de Crusembourg, to whom, about the year 1615, twenty thousand crowns were given by an arret of council, in order that he might commence his operations in the Bastile; but after being there about three weeks he found means to escape, and was never again heard of; and the third was Dubois, whose tragical history we have here related.

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FOR THE AMERICAN UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

## REMARKS ON INDUSTRY.

No. III.

**T**HE second effect stated to proceed from excessive corporeal labour, to the exclusion of all mental improvement is,

*II. That by such enervating toil all intellectual dignity and independence of spirit are destroyed, whereby man becomes converted from an intelligent and free agent into a passive instrument of servitude, and is only so far free as to enable him to choose between different occupations, all of which are alike oppressive.*

However various the opinions of men, who have pursued metaphysical disquisitions, may be, with respect to the comparative force of natural talent and education on the human mind, we discover no contrariety of sentiment as to the great and extensive influence of education in developing the powers of the understanding, and in forming habits of virtue or vice. All concur in ascribing to education the greatest influence, the only controversy is, whether its influence is exclusive and supreme. Our progress in this discussion will not be impeded by leaving the controversy undecided. It is sufficient for our purpose, that education is acknowledged to be essential to the illumination of the understanding and the formation of the character, however various in strength the germs of genius may originally be.

Under the present system of servitude, education is but a name. The poor hear much about it, but they feel little of its effects. Its honours bloom alone on the heads of affluence and rank, and only confer distinction and power, where too much



already exist. It is true, that some of the poor have the reputation of receiving the elements of education. But how, and in what degree, are they instilled? In general, he who instructs should be the pupil instead of the preceptor. Ideas, the offspring of ignorance mingled, with superstition, are implanted. Views, delusive, because they are not sufficiently comprehensive, are taken, and the mind receives a mixture of truth and falsehood, without being able to separate the one from the other. That which is imparted, only throws a glimmering light into the mind, which distorts every object of perception. From what source does this arise, but from the little value men set on intellectual improvement, and, of consequence, the small portions of time they devote towards its acquisition? Is not this unfortunate apathy directly to be ascribed to that spirit of oppression, which sentences man to perpetual labor, and robs him of the means of improvement?

We find that the education bestowed on the poor is small in degree, and erroneous in its nature. Such as it is—alas! how soon is it forgotten? How much sooner is it lost than acquired! The period of instruction ceases almost in infancy. The youth, who, perhaps, just begins to feel the ardour of mental improvement, is chained to the plough or imprisoned in the workshop. The little hour that invited him to study is snatched from him. He becomes the victim of labour, that accompanies him to the grave. The few minutes of leisure, which he may be permitted to enjoy, scarcely afford him time for re-invigoration. An exhausted body naturally produces a languid mind, which generally refuses reflection or study. It might be delighted, improved, and strengthened by rational conversation. But with whom can he converse, and where are his topics? His father is more ignorant than himself; his topics are those, which the more they are dwelt on, the more they debase the mind; they are the offspring of envy, jealousy, or aversion.

Behold, then, the true picture of man. In infancy, receiving but little knowledge, and that little imperfect, in youth deprived of the means of improvement, and in maturer age losing altogether the opportunity and the disposition to improve himself. It were well, could we stop here—still farther; behold him the victim of ignorance always increasing, of superstitious impressions and childish fears that unnerve his vigor, of passions, the offspring of those principles, blended with others equally degrading.—It is, then, correct to affirm that man, unprotected by wealth or power, under his present habits, is necessarily deprived of all intellectual dignity.

With the distinction of intellectual improvement is directly connected the annihilation of independence of spirit. This quality, so valuable, when virtuously directed, as to be at once the shield and the parent of whatever either adorns or dignifies the human character, is founded on self-esteem. It arises from the possession of that which entitles us to distinction in our own minds, and a reliance on our ability to protect and preserve it from unjust aggressions. It is frequently connected with the possession of wealth, but more frequently flows from a noble consciousness of enjoying a reputation for virtue or wisdom. We have already seen how small the portion of wisdom is, that the greater part of mankind possess, and that, so far from being able to guide others, it is inadequate to self-government. Of this quality, therefore, they may be considered as entirely destitute. With respect to virtue, society is as little interested in its abstracted existence, as it is deeply interested in its practical exercise. Supposing it to exist without knowledge, and this is rarely, if ever the case, how painful must it be to an individual to possess the disposition without the ability to do good. This inactive virtue may soothe the last moments of life, and tranquilize the agonies of death, but how little is the interest society takes in the man, whose life is wretched, and whose death is obscure.

Independence of mind often arises from the comparison of ourselves with other men, and from the discovery that we are either their superiors or their equals. In forming this estimate of ourselves, we do not rely entirely on our own opinions, but we enquire into the sentiments of those whose good opinion we esteem. Few men are so proud as to disdain consulting the award of those whose talents they respect. This discovery is made, not from the express declarations of men respecting us—for few are so elevated in society as to obtain this distinction—but from the prevailing complexion of the treatment we receive in common intercourse, and from the success or failure of our favourite schemes, all of which, more or less, require the approbation or the assistance of the world to insure to them success. Now, it is evident, without further illustration, that if the existing state of the great part of mankind be such as has been represented, none of these powerful motives can influence the minds of the lower class of people. They have no intercourse with men whom they respect. They are slaves to men whom they fear. They have no property, which all men, in a greater or smaller degree respect. They have no knowledge that entitles them to the respect of those who value intellectual attainments. They have no inducements, of which they feel the force, to impel them to those

efforts that alone would rescue them from degradation. Where, then, can be their independence of spirit? Under these circumstances, it is morally impossible that it should exist.

If man be destitute of knowledge to plan, and of spirit to execute those schemes which are promotive of human happiness; if a disposition to improve his situation be annihilated; if hope be chilled, and fear supply its place; will it not follow, as an irresistible consequence, supposing him to have been born a free agent, that he will, by these means, lose his freedom, and become a passive instrument of servitude. The only difference between man in this state, and the acknowledged slave, is, that while the latter has only one master, whose plan of government is uniform, and whose interest dictates clemency, the former is subject to the oppression of ten thousand masters, every one of whom has some appropriate instrument of tyranny.

It has been further stated, that the only freedom that will remain to him will consist in the preference he gives of one to another occupation, all of which are alike oppressive. Though this is laid down as a general rule, like all general rules, it is allowed to have its exceptions. Its truth might be established by enumerating every profession, and exhibiting the same result in each. This, however, cannot be here attempted. The confined limits of these papers renders such a prolix enumeration impossible. But the truth of this statement will be illustrated by a concise and familiar view of which it is susceptible. Under the present system, subsistence, bare subsistence, is the reward of constant labour. This subsistence excludes altogether the luxuries, and even the harmless pleasures of life. It is a subsistence that only protects man from nakedness and famine. Such is the lot of those who labor. Ingenuity is often well recompensed. But ingenuity is rare; and we have seen that its seeds are destroyed among the laboring class of the community. It is true, that more is paid for fabricated articles than the mere price of the labour used in the manufacture. But to whom is it paid? Not to the common labourer, but to the capitalist previously in the possession of considerable wealth. Thus all profit is monopolized. Thus the poor meet on every side an insurmountable bar to their promotion. Sometimes manufactures are conducted by individuals on a small scale. While this continues, the individual is, perhaps, well paid for his labour. But this is but of short duration. Wealth, whose incessant tendency it is to increase, forms a monopoly, and the individual is compelled to enter the ranks, and place himself on a level with the common labourer.

## GREEK DREAM,

BY M. DE GUY.

**I**N my last letter, I promised among other concerns of this nation to furnish you with an account of a Greek dream. Not having then an opportunity of fulfilling this part of my promise, it will compose the subject of my present letter. I shall also add the interpretation, by which means you will be enabled to make one yourself, and explain it afterwards, just as well as if you had slept on the banks of the Peneus or the Cephissus.

Nothing more strongly characterises the credulity of a people, than the faith they place in dreams, and the interpretations they put upon them.

Pliny's astonishment at the credulity of the Greeks, was very naturally conceived. Religion has destroyed the famous oracles of Greece; but reason has not done her part in assisting to diminish the credit given by the Greeks to dreams. Ancient authors of the greatest reputation have treated them in the most serious manner; while the lively imaginations of the poets, who, like lovers, are the creators of their own fancies, have not given them such a favorable reception in their minds. If some of the great writers of antiquity have joined in a belief of the efficacy of dreams; others of no less authority have rejected them as delusive images of the brain, signifying nothing. No writer has defined these airy fancies better than Petronius.

Plutarch, as assiduous in relating the dreams as the bon mots of the great men whose lives he wrote, says, that Sylla assured us, nothing was more credible and certain, than the intelligence given to mankind in dreams.

Augustus, in consequence of a particular dream, imposed upon himself the ridiculous and superstitious drudgery, to assume on a certain day of the year, the character of a mendicant, holding forth his hand to receive alms from the passers by. Whence comes it, that so much weakness should reside in a soul of such a superior nature!

Pausanias, with the most implicit faith, relates a dream of the famous Pindar. Proserpine appears to him, and complains of her being the only goddess he had neglected to celebrate in his verses. "But," says she, "my turn will come; and when I once get you into my power, I will take care you shall say some-



"thing handsome of me, as well as of my sister goddesses." Pindar died within ten days after this intimation. A Theban woman, who was famous for singing his odes, had received a vision of the poet in a dream, and recited to him exactly the poem he would make for Proserpine.

The famous dream of Cicero, in his exile, which announced to him a speedy and glorious return notwithstanding it was verified in every particular, did not at all alter the sentiment of that great man with respect to dreams. He was of opinion they did not deserve credit in the world, not even, though one, among numbers, should be realised, any more than a notorious liar should be believed when he spoke truth.

Considering the faith of the ancients in the interpretation of dreams, it is not surprising that the modern Greeks, less enlightened than their forefathers, should equal them in credulity on such like occasions. Demetrius Phalereus, in a work entitled Socrates, speaks, (according to Plutarch) of one Lysimachus, the nephew of Aristides, who, being very poor, took to the profession of an interpreter of dreams, and fixing his station at the entrance to the temple of Bacchus, gained a very comfortable livelihood by the exercise of that art, which he practised upon tables, decked out and prepared for the purpose.

The attachment of the ancients to this species of superstition, was almost general among the people. A set of gods were established, whom they worshipped under the appellation of *Dii somniales*.

The modern Greeks have also certain rules and methods for interpreting dreams, which doubtless came to them by tradition. There are numbers of old women, who procure the means of subsistence, by exercising that mystery. I have made a point of visiting some of the profession, in order to furnish you with an account of their method, but I believe a single example will suffice to give you an explanation of what I have been witness to on these occasions.

A young Greek applying to one of these oracles, "I dreamt a stranger came to me, and presented an aigrette, with several flowers; after lighting a flambeau he disappeared." "Here is the whole of the mystery," says the sybil whom he consulted, "The aigrette, (which our young women wear on their wedding day) signifies that you shall be married; the lighted flambeau indicates that the day is near; and the number of flowers you saw in the vision, mark the number of children that shall proceed from the marriage." Thus spoke the oracle. I desired no more, nor have I ever given myself the trouble to inquire into

the verification of her prophecies. In general the rule is to interpret the dream upon the contrary footing. Thus sinister incidents indicate the best fortune; while the day which succeeds to a pleasant dream is a day of sorrow to the person in the predicament of having dreamt it.

These are all the circumstances I have been able to collect relative to modern interpretations.

The Greeks, in order to obtain propitious dreams, prepare themselves as formerly by fasts. A young maid tempted by an ardent and impatient desire to know her destiny in marriage, will not eat of any thing on the evening she proposes to make the essay, except a piece of dirty cake; which however she must not accompany with any kind of liquor, lest the charm should be interrupted: she then takes three clews of thread of different colors (white, red, and black) which she places under her pillow. After this arrangement of the preparatory articles, the man who first appears to her, and presents her something to drink, is to be her husband. Waking, she is to take one of the threads promiscuously from under her pillow.—The black prognosticates her lot to be cast for a widower; the white signifies an old man; but the red denotes a young and rich husband, or one according to her wishes. I should not engage your attention so long with such puerile relations; but that it is impossible to study mankind with success, unless we develop their minute absurdities, as critically as their glaring and important follies. The present race of men, who arrogantly boast their superiority over former times, are they more exempt from such weaknesses than those ages they condemn?

The ancient Greeks, says an academician, whom I have already quoted, were rigid observers of fasts. It might be added, that in those days, as well as in our own, shallow brains were the most subject to visions.

I cannot finish this article, without mentioning that under Constance, a prince, whose life was a continued series of cruelties, partly owing to the wickedness of the ministers, and partly to the Arian bishops. I say, that in his reign, dreams had not fair play. It was in those days a great offence to dream; but to recount the subject of it, treason of the first magnitude; notwithstanding which, the propensity of the people towards this kind of amusement, was so strong, that few had caution sufficient to forbear the relation. The spies of that prince's administration, interpreted every surmise of the dreamer into a noxious intention toward the state, and he was instantly condemned to death. They even punished with great severity, says the author of the *Nouv. Hist. du bas Empire*, any one who should refuse to confess that he had dreamt, upon being interrogated as to that point.

## DESCRIPTION OF THE DAMPERS.

**T**HERE is a pretty numerous sect of philosophers in this country, whom I cannot describe by any apter denomination than that of Dampers. They are to be known in society by a sudden damp which they are sure to cast upon all companies where they enter. The human heart that comes within their atmosphere, never fails to be chilled; and the quickest sense of feeling is as effectually benumbed, as the touch is with the torpedo. As this sect is of very antient standing in the world, and has been taken notice of by several heathen writers, I have sometimes thought that it might originate in the school of Thales, who held water to be the first principle of all things. If I were certain that this ancient philosopher always administered his water cold to his disciples, I should incline to think the present sect of Dampers was really a branch from the Thalesian root, for it is certain they make great use of his first principle in the philosophy they practice.

The business of these philosophers in society, is to check the flights and fallies of those volatile beings, who are subject to be carried away by imagination and fancy, or, in other words, to act as a counterpoise against genius: to the vices of mankind they apply no chastisement; this they leave to others; but they are at great pains to correct their vanity. They have various receipts for curing this evil: the ordinary method which they who are not professors in the sect take for doing this, is by keeping stern silence and an unmoved visage in companies which are disposed to be cheerful. This taciturnity, if well kept up, never fails in the end to work a cure upon festivity, according to the first principle of Thales. If the Damper looks morose, every body wonders what the moody gentleman is displeased with, and each in his turn suspects himself in the fault; if he only looks wise, all are expecting when the dumb oracle will utter, and in the mean time his silence infects the whole circle. If the Damper seasons his taciturnity with a shrug of the shoulders or a shake of the head, judiciously thrown in when any talkative fellow raises a laugh, 'tis ten to one if the mortified wit ever opens his mouth for that evening. If a story is told in com-

pany, and the teller makes a slip in a date or a name, a true Damper may open, provided it is done agreeably to the rules of his order, by setting the story-teller right with much gravity, and adjusting the mistake so deliberately, that the spirit of the story shall be sure to evaporate before the commentator has properly settled his correction of the text. If any lucky wit chanceth to say what is called a good thing; and the table applauds, it is the Damper's duty to ask an explanation of the joke, or whether that was all, and what t'other gentleman said who was the butt of the jest, and other proper questions of the like sort. If one of the company risques a fally for the sake of good fellowship which is a little on the wrong side of truth, or not strictly reducible to proof, a Damper may with great propriety set him right in the matter of fact, and demonstrate, as clear as two and two make four, that what he has said may be mathematically confuted, and that the merry gentleman is mistaken. A Damper is to keep strict watch over the morals of the company, and not to suffer the least indiscretion to escape in the warmth of conviviality; on this occasion he must be ready to call to order, and to answer for his friend to the company, that he has better principles than he affects to have; that he should be sorry such and such an opinion went out again him; and that he is certain he forgot himself when he said so and so. If any glance is made at private characters, however notorious, a Damper steps in with a recommendation of candour, and inveighs most pat. etically against the sin of evil speaking. He is never merry in company, except when any one in it is apparently out of spirits, and with such a one he is always exceedingly pleasant.

A Damper is so professed an enemy to flattery, that he never applies it in ever so small a degree even to the most diffident; he never cheers a young author for fear of marring his modesty, never sinks any truths because they are disagreeable, and if any one is rashly enjoying the transports of public fame on account of any successful production in art or science, the Damper kindly tells him what such and such a critic has scoffingly said on the occasion, and, if nothing better offers, lowers his triumph with a paragraph from a news-paper, which his thoughtless friend might else have overlooked. He is remarkably careful not to spoil young people, by making allowances for spirits or inexperience, or by indulging them in an opinion of their persons or accomplishments. He has many excellent apothegms in his



mouth ready to recommend to those who want them—such as to, Be merry and wife ; A grain of truth is better than an ounce of wit ; A fool's bolt is soon shot, but a wife man keeps his within the quiver ; He that was only taught by himself had a fool to his master ; and many more of the like sort.

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### EXTRAORDINARY INSTANCES OF GRATITUDE.

From WATKINS' Travels into Swisserland, Italy, Sicily, &c.

**L**ORENZO MUSATA, a native of Cotania, in Sicily, was, in the year 1774, taken in a Maltese ship by an Algerine corsair. When the prize was carried into port, he was sold to a Turkish officer, who treated him with all the severity that the unfeeling disposition of a barbarian, rendered intolerant by bigotry, could inflict. It happened fortunately for the Sicilian, that his master's son Fezulah, [about ten years old] became extremely fond of him ; and, by numberless little offices of kindness, alleviated his slavery. Lorenzo, in consequence, became as much attached to the boy as the boy was to him ; so that they were seldom separate from each other. One day, as Fezulah (being then sixteen) was bathing in the sea, the current carried him off ; and he certainly would have perished, had not Lorenzo plunged in, and saved him, at the hazard of his life. His affection was now heightened by gratitude, and he frequently interceded with his father for his deliverer's emancipation, but in vain. Lorenzo often sighed for his country, and Fezulah determined that he should return there. With this resolution, he one night conveyed him on board an English merchant-ship that lay off Algiers ; and having embraced him in tears, retired with all that exquisite glow of pleasure and self-approbation, which virtue feels in acting with gratitude and generosity. The Sicilian returned to his country, where he

found that a relation had bequeathed him a small tenement; upon which he settled, and enjoyed the sweets of competency and repose, rendered infinitely more grateful, than they otherwise would have been, by the remembrance of his past slavery. At length, growing tired of a sedentary life, he accompanied his kinsman, a master of a vessel, to Genoa. On landing in the D'Arfena, he heard a voice cry out—'Oh, my friend, my Lorenzo,' and instantly found himself in the arms of Fezulah. He was at first lost in surprise and joy; but how rapid was the transition to grief, when he perceived by his chains that Fezulah was a slave! He had been taken by a Genoese galley on his voyage to Aleppo. You have already seen that the ruling passions of Lorenzo's breast were generosity and gratitude; and to these he now determined to sacrifice every other consideration. Having divided his purse with his former companion, he took his leave, telling him he should be again at Genoa within two months. And so he was. He returned to Sicily; sold his little tenement, though to great disadvantage, and with the money ransomed his friend, whom he sent back to his country. Fezulah has lately visited Lorenzo at Catania, where they now are, and has not only repurchased for him his estate, but considerably enriched him.

These actions might by some, who have more prudence than philanthropy, be deemed enthusiastic; I must, however, consider them as genuine virtue, and am only sorry I cannot be an associate in the friendship of Fezulah and Lorenzo.

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#### ANECDOTE OF THE

#### ABBE DE ST. PIERRE.

**T**HERE never existed a human being of more simplicity and modesty than this celebrated projector, whose projects, however wild, were called "*Les Rêves d'un bonhomme de bien*," by a very hackneyed politician.—D'Alembert says of him very elegantly, *Qu'il étoit entièrement inaccessible aux plaisirs, &*

*aux chagrins de la vanité, la plus chère affection de tous, les hommes.* All his projects tended to the good of mankind, and when once in conversing with a celebrated lady upon one of his projects, she told him what pleasure the instruction she had received from him, gave her, he replied, "*Je suis un mauvais instrument, dont vous avez bien joué.*" His love of truth was if possible, greater than that of the late excellent Dr. Johnson. He would not alter the least circumstance of any story to make it more amusing. He used to say, that there was no obligation to amuse any one, but that there was a very strong one not to deceive any one. His project for a perpetual peace between the sovereigns of Europe has been the sport and jest of every puny politician since his time, though it perhaps at first was suggested by that modern hero, Henry the Fourth of France. A Dutch inn-keeper burlesqued it, by taking for his sign a burying-ground, under which was written, "*A la paix perpétuelle.*" The Abbe had the honour of coining two new words in his language, *bienfaisance* and *glorile*. The one indeed was well applied to himself, as a man of very active benevolence; the other could find no place in a character of such sensibility and diffidence as the Abbe's was. He had a project for a reform of the laws of his country; another, for rendering sermons useful; he had, indeed, so many, that they fill thirty volumes. His style is extremely heavy, his arrangement of his subject without order, and endless his tautology: some one was complaining one day to him of this last defect—"Pray, tell me," said the Abbe, "in what part of my works do you find this defect?"—The person repeated several passages from them, when, to his surprise, the Abbe's answer was, "You remember them, then, perfectly well, do you not? I repeated them in my works over and over again, that you might remember them." Some lady was once talking of some trifling matter before him with great elegance of language—"Alas!" replied he, "what a pity it is that she does not write what I think."

ACCOUNT OF AN APPARITION WHICH MADE A  
GREAT NOISE IN FRANCE ABOUT THE END OF  
THE LAST CENTURY.

**A** BELIEF in spirits and apparitions has prevailed in all ages of the world, and many absurd fables have been propagated respecting those beings, which were probably invented to serve particular purposes, or had their origin in ignorance and superstition. Whether the following relation be of this kind or not, we shall not pretend to determine, but we are of opinion that it merits some attention, on account of the noise which it made at the Court of France about the end of the last century.

The small city of Salon in Provence, where the famous Nostradamus was buried, produced another kind of Prophet; who made his appearance at the Court of France in the month of April, 1697.

A spectre, which many believed to be that of this celebrated astrologer, appeared, as is said, to a certain person of that city. After having made him promise, under pain of death, to observe the most profound secrecy with regard to what it was about to disclose, the spectre commanded him to go to the intendant of the province, and to procure a letter from him which might enable him, on his arrival at Paris, to have a private audience of the King. "As to what you are to say to his Majesty," continued the phantom, "you will not know until the evening before you are introduced at Court, when I will appear to you, and give you farther instructions. But reflect, I beseech you, that your life depends upon this secret, which I enjoin you to make known to no person whatever but the intendant of the province."

On these words the spectre disappeared, and left him half dead with fear. Scarcely had he recovered from his terror, when his wife arrived, and observing him to be disordered, insisted, but in vain, to know the cause: the menaces of the phantom had made so deep an impression on his mind, that she could not make him give her any satisfaction; but the refusal of her husband having excited her curiosity the more, the poor man found himself reduced to such a situation, that he was not allowed to enjoy a moment's repose; he was therefore so weak as to tell her the whole story, which cost him his life, according to the prediction of the apparition. The woman, on this, was greatly terrified; but as she imagined that the accident which had happened to her hus-



band might be only the effects of a mind disordered. Some dream, she resolved, both on her own account, and out of respect for the memory of her husband, to entrust the secret of this catastrophe only to a few of her relations and intimate friends.

The same spectre having appeared to another inhabitant of the same city some time after, who was so imprudent as to inform his brother, and who, on that account, was punished in the same manner, these two deaths, as tragical as terrible, became the general subject of conversation, not only at Salon, but in the whole country to the distance of sixty miles around.

This spectre, however, shewed itself again to a farrier, whose house was not far distant from those of these two victims; but this man, more prudent than the latter, immediately waited upon the Intendant, and having, though with much difficulty, obtained a private audience, according to the injunctions of the phantom, he was treated as a madman, and ordered to go back to the place of his abode, to get himself cured of his phrenzy. "I allow, Sir," said the farrier, who was accounted by the people of Salon, a very sensible man, "that my behaviour may appear to you ridiculous and absurd; but if you will be pleased to order your substitute to enquire strictly into the sudden death of two of the inhabitants of our city, who were charged by the phantom with the same commission which I am now come to execute, I have reason to hope that you will send for me before eight days are expired."

The Intendant having ordered a proper enquiry to be made respecting the death of these two imprudent men, the farrier, whose name was Francis Michel, was sent for, as he expected. The magistrate now received him very favorably, heard him with much attention, gave him dispatches to the Marquis of Barbeseux, who was Minister of State and Secretary for Provence; and, having supplied him with money to defray his expences, wished him a good journey.

As the Intendant was afraid that a young minister, such as the Marquis of Barbeseux, might tax him with too much credulity, and raise a laugh against him at Court, he took care to enclose in his dispatches, not only the information taken at Salon, by his substitute, but also the certificate of the Lieutenant General of Justice, attested and signed by all the officers under his command.

When Michel arrived at Paris, he was much embarrassed respecting what he should say to the Minister, as the phantom had not appeared to him, according to its promise. But that evening, as we are told, the spectre, after having drawn aside the cur-

tains of his bed, and bid him fear nothing, told him what he should say to the Minister, reserving only a certain circumstance which he was to communicate to the King alone. "You will meet with difficulties, no doubt," said the phantom, "in procuring a private audience; but take care not to be discouraged, and suffer no one to discover your secret, either by means of the Minister or any one else, if you wish to avoid instant death."

The minister, as may well be supposed, did not fail to do every thing in his power to discover the mystery: but the farrier, whose resolution was proof against every effort, and who knew that his life depended upon his secrecy, concluded with saying, "in order that you may not imagine that I have nothing but chimeras to tell his Majesty, you may inform him from me, that while he was hunting last at Fountainbleau, he himself saw the same phantom, and his horse was so frightened, that he started aside; but as the spectre appeared only for an instant, his Majesty conceived it to be an illusion, and did not speak of it to any one."

The Marquis, struck by so singular a circumstance, thought it dangerous to hesitate or delay, and that it was his duty to inform the King both of this extraordinary person's arrival at Versailles, as well as of the conversation which he had held with him; but the Minister was very much surprised when the King, after a moment's silence, consented to see him privately, and even the same day.

What passed at this strange interview was kept a profound secret. All that we know is, that, after this pretended prophet had remained three or four days at Court, his Majesty consented that he should take leave as soon as ever he should set out for the chace.

It is even asserted, that the Duke de Duras, a Captain of the King's guards, said then, in such a manner as to be heard by all around, "Sire, if your Majesty had not ordered me to permit that man to approach your person, I should have been very far from doing it, for if he is not a fool, your Majesty is not noble;" and that the King replied, with a smile, "How often we judge badly of our neighbour! That man, my Lord Duke, is much wiser than you and many others think."

It may be readily imagined what impression such words must make upon those who heard them. Every attempt, therefore, was made to discover what had passed between this man and the Marquis of Barbescieu, as well as at his conference with the

King. The people, always credulous, and on that account fond of the marvellous, thought that the taxes which a long and bloody war had rendered necessary, were the true motives of it, and in consequence of this they expected speedy relief; but they subsisted, nevertheless, till peace was concluded.

After the prop<sup>t</sup> et had taken leave of the King, he returned to his province with some money, which the minister gave him, with orders at the same time not to say a word to any one concerning the object of his journey.

The portrait of this man, so celebrated, at least at the time when this circumstance happened, was designed and engraved by Roulet, an eminent artist, and published by authority. It is still preserved in the port folios of the curious, and represents a man of about the age of thirty-five or forty, whose physiognomy is strongly marked with character, and displays much shrewdness and good sense.

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#### SOME PARTICULARS RESPECTING THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE RUSSIAN PEASANTS.

**T**HE Russian gentlemen have almost adopted the same manner of living as that of the other nations of Europe. The citizens being, for the most part, slaves who have been made free, retain, in a great measure, the manners of their primitive state, and are very few in number. It is amongst the peasants therefore, that we must look for the true national character of the Russians. Some of them are slaves of the crown, and the rest, who form the greater number, are slaves to the great lords, who have every power over them, except that of life and death. The Russian peasants were originally free: but about the middle of the sixteenth century, they were made part of every estate, in order to prevent emigration. Since that period a custom has prevailed of treating them entirely as serfs, of selling and buying them, and of transferring them as property in any other manner. Their yoke, however, is much easier than that of the peasants of Livonia, because the Livonian gentle-

men consider theirs as procured by conquest, while the Russian peasants have the same origin as their masters.

The ordinary food of the Russian peasants, besides bread, is the *schutschi*, that is to say, a kind of soup made of cabbage, rendered sour by fermentation, and hashed very small: this soup is, for the most part, accompanied with a piece of boiled meat. Their drink is *kivas*; a sort of sour yellowish small beer, which they brew themselves in large earthen pans. Their dress consists of a shirt, always very neat, which hangs over their breeches, a linen frock a surtout shaped like their frock, and made of coarse woollen cloth; the whole descends as low as their knees, and is fastened to the body with a girdle. In winter, instead of a surtout, they wear a cloak of sheep's skin, their heads are bare in summer, and in winter covered with a cap.

They wear no covering to their necks either winter or summer; their legs are wrapt up in bandages of cloth; but they use shoes, or rather a kind of slippers, made of the rind of trees, cut into slips, which are interwoven together. The women are dressed almost in the same manner as the men; but their exterior garments are loose, and not fastened with a girdle; they are also very long, and reach down to their feet.

Their wooden huts have all a perfect resemblance one to another. They are built in villages, bordering the highway, are placed parallel to it, and are covered with boards. Nothing is seen but a wall formed of planks, having two or three holes in it, which serve as windows. These windows are only large enough for one to put the head through them. They are seldom filled with squares of glass; but in the inside there is a piece of wood to shut them during the night, or in the time of bad weather. On one side of the hut is a small gate, which conducts to a yard, the greater part of which is covered with wooden planks, to shelter their carts, hay, &c. From the yard you enter the house by a back-door, to which you go up a few steps, and when you have opened the door, you find in the first corner, towards the right hand, a stove constructed of bricks, which serves them for culinary purposes, and to warm the apartment. Around the stove, and on a level with its top, runs a circular projection upon which the family sleep, and take a forenoon nap, as well as on the stove itself, however warm it may be; for they are remarkably fond of excessive heat.



In the corner opposite to the stove, in a diagonal direction, that is to say, in the corner on the left, stands a small wooden shelf, at about the height of a man, containing a few images of their saints, ranged in order, and surrounded by small wax candles or lamps, which are lighted on certain festivals; the drapery of these saints is embossed, and formed of tin plate or of copper, gilt; but the visage, the hands, the feet, and in general all the naked parts, are only painted. The Russians pretend that they are authorised to have painted images, but none of carved work, because the commandment says, "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image." All around the hut is a large wooden bench, made for sitting or sleeping upon. Nearer the door than the saints, and to the left as you enter, there is a long table, formed of two boards, joined together lengthwise, and before it, on one side; the bench already mentioned, and on the other a portable-bench much narrower. The rest of the furniture consists of a wooden basin, suspended from the roof, on one side of the stove, in order to wash their hands whenever cleanliness requires it; a wooden platter, two or three wooden dishes, and a few wooden spoons.

As the hut forms only one apartment, all mix together without any distinction: one may see sleeping on the earth, on the bench, or on the top of the stove, the master of the house, the mistress, the children, and servants, both male and female, and all without any scandal. In some huts, however, there is a particular corner for the master and mistress, but it is separated from the rest only by a curtain, suspended from a pole placed in a horizontal direction. These huts have no chimneys; the smoke, therefore, renders them exceedingly black in the inside. If they are entered at the time when the mistress of the family is preparing dinner, the smoke and the smell of the onions, which they use in all their dishes, do not fail to make those sick who are not accustomed to them. When the smoke becomes too powerful to be resisted, they open a small wicket, which is a little higher than the window, in order to give it vent; but these peasants do this with reluctance, as they fear that part of the heat may escape at the same time; they are fond of being, as it were, roasted in their huts.

These peasants supply all their own wants; they make their own shoes, benches, tables, wooden dishes, and construct their own stoves and huts. The females also weave a kind of cloth, which resembles a very broad ribband: they have occasion, therefore, to buy only a little woollen cloth or sheepskins to cover them: their girdles, which they consider as objects of great luxury, and the iron they employ for their implements of husbandry.

The Russian peasants are temperate in eating, but not in drinking: they are extremely fond of strong liquors, and often get intoxicated, especially on their festivals. They think they would not shew their respect for their saints, did they not honor them by getting drunk; and they have a word to express the state in which one finds one's self next day. They call this state, between health and sickness, *spoklimelie*; the women are addicted to drinking as well as the men. They cannot be accused of laziness; but they consider labor as a necessary evil, and never execute any piece of work thoroughly, contenting themselves with finishing it in a very imperfect manner; for this reason, therefore, they scratch up the ground, instead of tilling it. They are fond of keeping their persons neat: however dirty their upper garments may be, their shirts are always clean: they have warm or vaporated baths, into which the men and women, boys and girls, without distinction, plunge themselves two or three times a week. An order has lately been made, forbidding different sexes to mix together promiscuously in these baths; but this order is very little observed.

They marry when very young, and often even at the command of their masters. Paternal authority among them is very great, and it continues during the lives of their children; a father may give a blow with a stick to his son, of whatever age or condition he may be. We are told, that an old peasant having gone to visit his son, who had made a fortune in the army, and who enjoyed a considerable rank, the latter was so proud of his promotion, that he ordered his domesticks to send the old man about his business. The father, however, having found means to enter the house when none of the servants were in the way, took a large cudgel, and gave his son a sound beating; nor did the son, so powerful was parental authority, dare to defend himself, or to call out for assistance.

The people in Russia are very hospitable. A Russian peasant, when on a journey, enters whatever house he chooses, makes the sign of the cross before an image, salutes the company, and lays down his knapsack without any ceremony. If he finds the family at table, he says *bread and salt*, upon which the master of the house replies, *eat my bread*, and the stranger immediately places himself among the company. If he happens to arrive when the people are not at meals, he sits down among the rest without any formality at the proper time. If it be in the evening, he sleeps that evening, in the hut, and the next morning departs very early without saying a word: if the family are up, he says, I thank you for bread and salt. A stranger who is travelling, meets with almost the same hospitality, if he can be satisfied with the usual fare of these peasants: if he cannot, he must pay the full price for every thing extraordinary; he pays also for the hay which his horses have eat; but the price is always moderate.

Whatever little money these peasants acquire, they place behind images, and commit it to their care. Robbery is never heard of among them, although the doors of their huts are always left without any person to guard them. However disinterested the Russians may be naturally, they soon become fond of money, especially when they begin to trade; they have then a perfect resemblance to the Jews; they are as exorbitant in the prices which they ask, and equally ready to take every advantage; but at the same time, they are equally disposed to sell, with a small profit, when they cannot get rid of their goods in any other manner.

These peasants are not sullen, like those of Germany; they speak much, are very polite, and even sometimes to excess. Their mode of saluting is by shaking one another by the hand and by bowing. Their equals they call brothers, and their superiors they call fathers. Before their lords, and before those whom they ask a favor, they prostrate themselves, that is to say, stretch themselves out at their length on the ground. These Russians have very little ambition. If you speak to them with mildness, you may obtain from them whatever you desire; and they will not be offended when you call them knaves and cheats, and even much worse. They are very honest: but when they cease to be so, one cannot use too much precaution not to be

a dupe to their promises. Their minds receive very little cultivation, for they can neither read nor write; all their learning consists in a few proverbs, which they transmit from father to son. They are fond of vocal musick, and are always singing. The labourer sings behind his plow, the coachman on his box, and the carpenter on the roof of the hut where he is at work; their songs are generally upon love, and their music is very monotonous.

The religion of the Russians is that of the Greek church; that of these peasants consists in going to hear mass, in prostrating themselves evening and morning before their images, saying *ghospodi pomiloni*, Lord have pity upon me! in making the sign of the cross before and after meals, or when passing a church, and lastly, in observing Lent.

This last article is absolutely indispensable; a Russian peasant is firmly persuaded that God would sooner pardon murder than a violation of Lent. Their priests are equally ignorant as themselves; all their learning consists in knowing their ritual pretty well, and in being able to give a benediction, even in the streets, to those who ask it, gratis, or for the value of a penny, or a half penny.

One village has sometimes more than one church, and churches are in general very numerous in Russia, because it is a work of great merit to found one. The ringing of bells is here almost continual, as it is thought to be a part of religious service. Besides churches, one finds on the highways small chapels, images covered by little wooden houses, and springs of water accounted sacred or miraculous, which have generally small chapels in their neighbourhood. The present Empress has formed a plan for gradually instructing these people, by sending schoolmasters among them, and priests, to enlarge their ideas with respect to religion.

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#### From the Critical Review.

*Discourses relating to the Evidences of Revealed Religion: delivered in Philadelphia, 1796; and published at the Request of many of the Hearers. By Joseph Priestley, LL.D. F. R. S. &c. &c. 8vo. 6s. Boards. Johnson, 1796.*

**E**VERY liberal and humane mind, to whatever political party it may incline, will rejoice that the author of this



work has found an asylum abroad,—and every Christian, of whatever denomination, will be pleased to see, that, still zealous for the cause of religion, Dr. Priestley resists the attacks of the infidels on the other side of the Atlantic. The question is not, which mode of faith adopted by Christians is most consistent with the scriptures,—but whether the scriptures shall have any authority at all:—whether we are to give up to the most important facts in history, the accumulated knowledge of so many centuries, for the sarcasms of a Voltaire or the crudities of a Paine. To place this question in a proper light, is the object of the work before us: the objections of the unbeliever are impartially examined,—the history of past ages is judiciously investigated,—the excellence of revealed religion is placed before our eyes; and the candid inquirer after truth will here find, in a short compass, the merits of each side of the question very fairly appreciated.

The table of contents will show the reader what he is to expect—

‘The Importance of Religion—Of the superior value of Revealed Religion—A View of Heathen Worship—The same continued—The Excellence of the Mosaic Institutions—The same continued—The Principles of the Heathen Philosophy compared with those of Revelation—The same continued—The Evidence of the Mosaic and Christian Religions—The same continued—The Proof of Revealed Religion from Prophecy—Internal Evidence of Jesus being no Impostor—The Moral Influence of Christian Principles.’ p. xxiii.

The style and manner of Dr. Priestley are well known. Equally perspicuous, he places his sentiments in the plainest manner before his hearer: and it could not be an objection in Philadelphia, that he travels sometimes over the same ground which he has repeatedly trod with success in England.

In examining the heathen worship, he brings together a few of those public facts which must evidently discover the genius of that religion. The traits in it of cruelty, folly, superstition, and indency, are very properly contrasted with the humanity, the wisdom, the purity, which run through the Jewish system. Reasons are given for those things in the Mosaic code, which are repugnant to our manners; and it would be sufficient to observe,

that, if some of the ceremonies in the temple at Jerusalem have, since the revelation of a purer system, lost their value, they do not, like the heathen rites, offend against modesty and morality.

Religion and politics have been declared, by a celebrated bishop, to be the studies most worthy of the attention of a wise man. We would meet the infidels upon that ground, and challenge them to produce any thing from the collective wisdom of all ages upon these subjects, to be compared with what we find in our bibles. We say, as to religion, that the bible is the only work which contains pure notions of God, unmixed with folly or superstition; that it is the only work which teaches the reciprocal duties of man to his neighbour, without countenancing, in the least, the breach of that law of equity, which is in the mouths at least of modern philosophers, but which is the foundation-stone of revealed religion,—begins with Genesis, and pervades the whole to the final event of the Christian system in the Revelations. It is the only book which ascribes nothing to birth, rank, wealth, talents, and, in the example of Christ, prescribes that he who has the greatest advantages in these respects, should make use of them for the benefit of others,—should administer as our Saviour did, to the wants of his brethren. In point of civil policy, we challenge them to show so good a constitution as that of Moses, notwithstanding the wisdom of some thousand years might have been employed to improve upon it. In point of legislation, we desire a comparison only to be made between the laws of our own country and those of Moses. Let a comparison be made of the different spirit which pervades them. “Thou shalt not give to a man more than than forty stripes, lest thy brother be too much humbled in thy sight.”—Let the Englishman read this, and then look to the numberless statutes, which are a disgrace to our code and to humanity.

An examination, in this manner impartially conducted, cannot fail of producing good effects. The wit of infidels, like a blazing meteor, excites momentary surprise; it is gone, the instant that it is brought to the test of sound sense and the scriptures. Sceptics in vain deride the bible: it will continue to be more read than any other book, and afford consolation to the more serious part of mankind. As a proper answer to most of the objections of modern unbelievers, we recommend the perusal of this work to such of

our readers as have not leisure to attend to the subject in a voluminous controversy; and particularly so, as the author's peculiar sentiments seldom obtrude themselves, and the arguments in general are equally maintained by every sect of Christians.

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THE FOLLOWING IS A CRITIC ON A LATE MUCH  
ADMIRER NOVEL, BY M. G. LEWIS, ESQ. M. P.

THE horrible and the preternatural have usually seized on the popular taste, at the rise and decline of literature. Most powerful stimulants, they can never be required except by the torpor of an unawakened, or the languor of an exhausted appetite. The same phenomenon, therefore, which we hail as a favourable omen in the belles lettres of Germany, impresses a degree of gloom in the compositions of our countrymen. We trust, however, that satiety will banish what good sense should have prevented; and that, wearied with fiends, incomprehensible characters, with shrieks, murders, and subterraneous dungeons, the public will learn, by the multitude of the manufacturers, with how little expense of thought or imagination this species of composition is manufactured. But, cheaply as we estimate romances in general, we acknowledge, in the work before us, the offspring of no common genius. The tale is similar to that of Santon Barfista in the Guardian. Ambrosio, a monk, surnamed the Man of Holiness, proud of his own undeviating rectitude, and severe to the faults of others, is successfully assailed by the tempter of mankind, and seduced to the perpetration of rape and murder, and finally precipitated into a contract in which he consigns his soul to everlasting perdition.

The larger part of the three volumes is occupied by the underplot, which, however, is skilfully and closely connected with the main story, and is subservient to its development. The tale of the bleeding nun is truly terrific; and we could not easily recollect a bolder or more happy conception than that of the burning cross on the forehead of the wandering Jew (a mysterious character, which, though co-

pied as to its more prominent features from Schiller's incomprehensible Armenian, does, nevertheless, display great vigour of fancy). But the character of Matilda, the chief agent in the seduction of Antonio, appears to us to be the author's master-piece. It is, indeed, exquisitely imagined, and as exquisitely supported. The whole work is distinguished by the variety and impressiveness of its incidents; and the author every where discovers an imagination rich, powerful, and fervid. Such are the excellencies;—the errors and defects are more numerous, and (we are sorry to add) of greater importance.

All events are levelled into one common mass, and become almost equally probable, where the order of nature may be changed whenever the author's purposes demand it. No address is requisite to the accomplishment of any design; and no pleasure therefore can be received from the perception of "difficulty surmounted." The writer may make us wonder, but he cannot surprise us. For the same reasons a romance is incapable of exemplifying a moral truth. No proud man, for instance, will be made less proud by being told that Lucifer once seduced a presumptuous monk. *Incredulus odit*. Or even if, believing the story, he should deem his virtue less secure, he would yet acquire no lessons of prudence, no feelings of humility. Human prudence can oppose no sufficient shield to the power and cunning of supernatural beings; and the privilege of being proud might be fairly conceded to him who could rise superior to all earthly temptations, and whom the strength of the spiritual world alone would be adequate to overwhelm. So falling, he would fall with glory, and might reasonably welcome his defeat with the haughty emotions of a conqueror. As far, therefore, as the story is concerned, the praise which a romance can claim, is simply that of having given pleasure during its perusal; and so many are the calamities of life, that he who has done this, has not written uselessly. The children of sickness and of solitude shall thank him.—To this praise, however, our author has not entitled himself. The sufferings which he describes are so frightful and intolerable, that we break with abruptness from the delusion, and indignantly suspect the man of a species of brutality, who could find a pleasure in wantonly imagining them; and the abominations which he portrays with no hurrying pencil, are such as the observation of



character by no means demanded, such as 'no observation of character can justify, because no good man would willingly suffer them to pass, however transiently, through his own mind.' The merit of a novelist is in proportion (not simply to the effect, but) to the pleasurable effect which he produces. Situations of torment, and images of naked horror, are easily conceived: and a writer in whose works they abound, deserves our gratitude almost equally with him who should drag us by way of sport through a military hospital, or force us to sit at the dissecting-table of a natural philosopher. To trace the nice boundaries, beyond which terror and sympathy are deserted by the pleasurable emotions,—to reach those limits, yet never to pass them,—*bic labor, hoc opus est*. Figures that shock the imagination, and narratives that mangle the feelings, rarely discover genius: and always betray a low and vulgar taste. Nor has our author indicated less ignorance of the human heart in the management of the principal character. The wisdom and goodness of providence have ordered that the tendency of vicious actions to deprave the heart of the perpetrator, should diminish in proportion to the greatness of his temptations. Now, in addition to constitutional warmth and irresistible opportunity, the monk is impelled to incontinence by friendship, by compassion, by gratitude, by all that is amiable, and all that is estimable; yet in a few weeks after his first frailty, the man who had been described as possessing much general humanity, a keen and vigorous understanding, with habits of the most exalted piety, degenerates into an uglier fiend than the gloomy imagination of Dante would have ventured to picture. Again, the monk is described as feeling and acting under the influence of an appetite which could not co-exist with his other emotions. The romance-writer possesses an unlimited power over situations; but he must scrupulously make his characters act in congruity with them. Let him work physical wonders only, and we will be content to dream with him for a while; but the first moral miracle which he attempts, he disgusts and awakens us. Thus our judgment remains unoffended, when, announced by thunders and earthquakes, the spirit appears to Ambrosio involved in blue fires that increase the cold of the cavern; and we acquiesce in the power of the silver myrtle which made gates and doors fly open at its touch, and charmed every eye into sleep. But when a mor-

tal, fresh from the impression of that terrible appearance, and in the act of evincing for the first time the witching force of this myrtle, is represented as being at the same moment agitated by so fleeting an appetite as that of lust, our own feelings convince us that this is not improbable, but impossible; not preternatural, but contrary to nature. The extent of the powers that may exist, we can never ascertain; and therefore we feel no great difficulty in yielding a temporary belief to any, the strangest, situation of *things*. But that situation once conceived, how beings like ourselves would feel, and act in it, our own feelings sufficiently instruct us; and we instantly reject the clumsy fiction that does not harmonise with them. These are the two *principal* mistakes in *judgment*, which the author has fallen into; but we cannot wholly pass over the frequent incongruity of his style with his subjects. It is gaudy where it should have been severely simple; and too often the mind is offended by phrases the most trite and colloquial, where it demands and had expected a sternness and solemnity of diction.

A more grievous fault remains,—a fault for which no literary excellence can atone,—a fault which all other excellence does but aggravate, as adding subtlety to a poison by the elegance of its preparation. Mildness of censure would here be criminally misplaced, and silence would make us accomplices. Not without reluctance then, but in full conviction that we are performing a duty, we declare it to be our opinion, that the monk is a romance, which if a parent saw in the hands of a son or daughter, he might reasonably turn pale. The temptations of Ambrosio are described with a libidinous minuteness, which, we sincerely hope, will receive its best and only adequate censure from the offended conscience of the author himself. The shameless harlotry of Matilda, and the trembling innocence of Antonia, are seized with equal avidity, as vehicles of the most voluptuous images; and though the tale is indeed a tale of horror, yet the most painful impression which the work left on our minds was that of great acquirements and splendid genius employed to furnish a *mormo* for children, a poison for youth, and a provocative for the debauchee. Tales of enchantments and witchcraft can never be useful: our author has contrived to make them pernicious, by blending, with an irreverent negligence, all that is most awfully true in religion with all that is most ridiculously absurd in superstition. He takes frequent occasion, indeed, to manifest his sovereign contempt for the latter, both in his own person, and (most incongruously) in that of his principal characters; and

that his respect for the former is not excessive, we are forced to conclude from the treatment which its inspired writings receive from him. Ambrosio discovers Antonia reading--

‘ He examined the book which she had been reading, and had now placed upon the table. It was the Bible.

“ How !” said the friar to himself, “ Antonia reads the Bible, and is still so ignorant ?”

“ But, upon a further inspection, he found that Elvira had made exactly the same remark. That prudent mother, while she admired the beauties of the sacred writings, was convinced that, unrestricted, no reading more improper could be permitted a young woman. Many of the narratives can only tend to excite ideas the worst calculated for a female breast ; every thing is called plainly and roundly by its name ; and the *annals of a brothel* would scarcely furnish a greater choice of indecent expressions. Yet this is the book which young women are recommended to study, which is put into the hands of children, able to comprehend little more than those passages of which they had better remain ignorant, and which but too frequently inculcates the first rudiments of vice, and gives the first alarm to the still sleeping passions. Of this was Elvira so fully convinced, that she would have preferred putting into her daughter’s hands “ *Amadis de Gaul*,” or “ *The Valiant Champion, Tirante the White* ;” and would sooner have authorised her studying the lewd exploits of *Don Galaor*, or the lascivious jokes of the *Damsel Plazer di mi vida*.” Vol. ii. p. 247.

The impiety of this falsehood can be equalled only by its impudence. This is indeed as if a Corinthian harlot, clad from head to foot in the transparent thinness of the Coan vest, should affect to view with prudish horror the naked knee of a Spartan matron ! If it be possible that the author of these blasphemies is a Christian, should he not have reflected that the only passage in the scriptures \* which could give a shadow of plausibility to the weakest of these expressions, is represented as being spoken by the Almighty himself ? But if he be an infidel, he has acted consistently enough with that character, in his endeavours first to inflame the fleshly appetites, and then to pour contempt on the only book which would be a reequate to the task of recalming them. We believe it not absolutely impossible that a mind may be so deeply depraved by the habit of reading lewd and voluptuous tales, as to use even the Bible in conjuring up the spirit of uncleanness. The most innocent expressions might become the first

\* Ezekiel, chap. xxiii.

link in the chain of association, when a man's soul had been so poisoned; and we believe it not absolutely impossible that he might extract pollution from the word of purity, and, in a literal sense, *turn the grace of God into wantonness*.

We have been induced to pay particular attention to this work, from the unusual success which it has experienced. It certainly possesses much real merit, in addition to its meretricious attractions. Nor must it be forgotten that the author is a man of rank and fortune.--Yes! the author of the *Mopk* signs himself a Legislator!--We stare and tremble.

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#### ACCOUNT OF THE STATUE CALLED THE APOLLO BELVEDERE.

**A**POLLO, the inventor and god of music, poetry, medicine, and of the art of divination, the head of the Nine Muses, and the father of light, according to mythologists, was the son of Jupiter and Latona. He was born in the island of Delos, and his first exploit was to kill the serpent Python, which for a long time had tormented his mother Latona. Some time after this victory, he had a son, named Esculapius, whom Jupiter struck with thunder; which so enraged Apollo, that he killed the Cyclops who had forged the thunder-bolts of the king of the gods. Being on this account expelled from heaven, he fled to Admetus, king of Thessaly, whose flocks he kept, and from whose service he went into that of Laomedon. With Neptune he was employed under that Prince in making brick, and in building the walls of Troy, a service for which these two gods were never rewarded. Having wandered a long time over the earth, the misfortunes which he suffered at length appeased Jupiter, and he restored him to his divinity, and to all the privileges annexed to it.

The Pagans believed that this god delivered oracles, and many went to consult him at Delos. The worship of Apollo was always so much respected, that when the Persians landed with a fleet of a thousand ships, they did not venture to make the least devastation, nor to plunder the temple of the god,



though it was filled with immense riches. Apollo was honored also at Claros, Delphos, and many other places. It was in honor of him that Augustus established the Actian games, which were celebrated every five years at Rome, in commemoration of the victory of Actium. He had also a superb temple, with a grove and beautiful fountains, at Daphne, a delightful spot, situated at the distance of four miles from Antioch, in Syria. The beauty of this retreat, and the festivals often celebrated in it in honor of Apollo and Diana, made it a general place of resort for all the inhabitants of the city, as well as for strangers. Historians who make mention of it say, that every thing was found in it which could gratify the passions: for this reason, Chrysostom calls it an infamous place, the entrance of which ought to be forbidden to honest people. Hence comes the proverb, so well known among the ancients. *Daphnicis moribus vivere*, to live like the people of Daphne.

The statues and heads of Apollo, which have been handed down to us from the ancients, are all remarkable for the beauty of the face, which has an air that cannot well be conceived but by the help of the artist. He is generally represented handsomer than Mercury, and much less effeminate than Bacchus, who is his rival for beauty. His features are fine, and his limbs well-proportioned; with as much softness as is consistent with strength. He is always young and beardless; and his long hair, when unconfined, floats over his shoulders, and sometimes over his breast.

It would be tedious to mention all the different characters, under which this deity was worshipped by the ancients. He is represented in this statue under that of *Apollo Pythionem jaculans*, or the *Pythian Apollo*. Of all the statues of Ancient Greece, still existing in Italy, this colossal one of Parian marble, preserved in the *Cortile di Belvidere*, is considered as the most beautiful. It was dug out of some ruins at Nettuno, a town in the territory of Rome, near the ancient *Antium*; and as Nero had a palace there, in which he had collected a vast number of the finest statues, this in all probability was one of them. It exhibits the god a moment after he had discharged an arrow at the serpent called *Python*, which was produced by the slime or mud of Deucalion's flood. As this statue was broken and mutilated when first found, some parts of it were afterwards restored.

The celebrated Abbe Winkelman, so well known on account of his unfortunate death, describes this beautiful statue in the

following words: "Of all the productions of art, which have escaped the ravages of time, this statue of Apollo is doubtless the most sublime. The artist formed this work merely from idea, and has employed nothing but what was necessary for executing his thought, and rendering it perceptible to the senses. As much as the description which Homer has given of Apollo surpasses those of other poets, so much does this figure surpass all other representations of the god. His stature here is above that of man, and his attitude breathes majesty. An eternal spring, such as that which reigns in the Elysian fields, clothes his beautiful person with the amiable graces of youth, and casts a brilliant mild lustre over the noble structure of his limbs. Try to penetrate the kingdom of incorporeal beauties, seek to become the author of a celestial being, to elevate your soul to the contemplation of supernatural beauty; for here there is nothing mortal—nothing that is subject to the wants of humanity. This body is neither warmed by veins, nor agitated by nerves; but a celestial spirit, diffused like smooth water, circulates, as one may say, over all the contour of this figure. The god has followed the Python, against which he has, for the first time, bent his formidable bow; in his rapid course he has come up with it, and given it the mortal wound. From the height of his joy, his august look penetrates into eternity, and extends far beyond his victory. Disdain appears seated on his lips; the indignation which he breathes swells his nostrils, and rises even to his eye-brows. An eternal peace is, however, imprinted on his fore-head, and his eye is full of mildness, as if he were in the midst of the Muses, eager to lavish his caresses upon them. Among all the figures of Jupiter that have reached us, we shall in none of them find the father of the gods approach this grandeur, and manifest himself with so much majesty to the intelligence of the poet, as in the features here exhibited by his son. The individual beauties of all the gods are united in this figure, as in that of Pandora. This forehead is the forehead of Jupiter, including that of Minerva. These eye-brows, by their motion, announce their will; those eyes are the eyes of the queen of heaven, and it is this mouth that inspired pleasure into the beautiful Bacchus. Like the tender shoots of the vine, his graceful hair floats around his head, as if it were gently agitated by the breath of the zephyrs. It seems to be besprinkled with the essence of the gods, and to be tied carelessly by the hands of the Graces. When I behold this master-piece, I forget the whole world, and I myself

assume a nobler attitude to survey it with more dignity. From admiration I pass to ecstasy, and I perceive my breast heave and dilate, a circumstance which those experience who are filled with the spirit of divination. \* I am transported to Delos, to the hallowed groves of Lycia—the places which Apollo honored with his presence ; for the figure now before my eyes seems to acquire motion, like the beauty formerly produced by the chisel of Pygmalion. O inimitable Apollo, in what words can I describe thee !—Art for that purpose must deign to inspire me, and to guide my pen. The traces which I have sketched out, I deposit at thy feet—thus those who cannot reach to the head of the deity whom they revere, lay at his feet those garlands with which they wish to crown him."

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EXTRACT FROM ROUSSEAU'S SOCIAL CON-  
TRACT.

**T**HE body politic may be measured in two different ways:—by the extent of territory, and the number of people ; and there must be a due proportion between both to give true greatness to a nation. The men form the state, and the land must sustain the men ; of course the due proportion is, that the land should be sufficient to maintain the inhabitants, and the inhabitants as numerous as the land can support. It is this due proportion that gives the *maximum* of force from a given number of people ; for if there be too large a domain, the protecting of it is troublesome, the cultivation insufficient, the produce superfluous, and it is in time the cause of involving the state in a defensive war. If the portion of land is too small, the people must depend on the favour of their neighbours for the additional provision they require ; and this proves in time the cause of an offensive war.

Every state which has, from its peculiar circumstances, no alternative but war or commerce, is weak in itself. It depends upon its neighbours ; it depends on events ; and can have but a

pecarious and short existence. It must change its situation by conquest : or be conquered, and become nothing itself.

It is impossible to calculate the exact extent of land and number of inhabitants that are sufficient for each other ; as this must vary according to the qualities and fertility of the soil, the nature of its productions, the influence of climate, and in no small degree on the constitutions and habits of those to be sustained ; for some men can subsist on a little in a fertile country, while others will consume a great deal in the most sterile one. We must also pay regard to the degree of fruitfulness of the women ; to those local circumstances that may be more or less favourable to population ; and to the number of persons whom the legislature may draw together by its establishments. But, in considering these particulars, we must form our judgment from what we foresee, rather than from what offers itself immediately to our view ; and make allowance for that increase of people which must naturally be expected. There are, besides, a thousand accidents occurring from situations, that may require, or at least warrant, the taking in more land than appears at first necessary.

People are observed to increase much in mountainous countries : there the natural productions, such as woods and pasture, require little labour ; there the women are always (as experience convinces us) more fruitful than in level situations ; and there you find, in consequence of its inclined form, a great extent of land, ascending from a comparatively small horizontal base, which base alone we should consider in our estimate.

When a state establishes itself on the borders of the ocean, even amidst barren rocks and sands, the people must occupy a narrower circle. There the fish which the sea affords, will supply, in a great measure, the deficiency of terrene productions : and there it is necessary for men to keep more together, in order to repel invaders, to whom their open coasts expose them. Besides, they can from thence more easily than from an inland situation send colonies to people other parts of the earth, when their inhabitants become too numerous to be maintained at home.

To these circumstances, so necessary for establishing a people, we must add another, the want of which nothing can supply, and without it all the others will be of no effect—I mean the enjoyment of uninterrupted peace. For the time of forming a state is, like that of forming a battalion of soldiers, the very moment when the body is weakest and most easily destroyed ;



for men make a more powerful resistance even in a state of absolute disorder, than at the busy crisis of a new arrangement, when the attention of each person is engaged by his particular duty, and not by the general danger; and if either war, famine, or sedition assail them at such a period, the state is inevitably overturned.

I admit that governments are sometimes established amidst such tempestuous scenes; but they are of that kind that never fail to destroy a state. Usurpers frequently kindle up, and never fail to take advantage of, national troubles; in order to establish, by means of the affrighted people, such destructive laws as could never be adopted in the moments of calmer reason: and the choice of the time for instituting any law is a sure criterion whether it be the work of a legislator or a tyrant.

After these observations, it is probable I may be asked, "What people are in a proper state to receive laws?" I answer, that it is those who are already united by some original bond of interest or convention, but who have not yet had any established system of laws:—those in whom neither customs or superstitions have taken root;—those who are not afraid of being borne down by a sudden invasion, but who, without entering into the quarrels of their neighbours, can by themselves resist each of them, or assist the one to subdue the other;—those who may be all known to each other, and among whom there is no necessity for laying a heavier burden on men than they are able to bear;—those who may freely pass into other states, and to whom strangers may come with equal freedom\*; those who are neither rich or poor, but have enough to support themselves;—and, in fin, those who unite the stability of an established state with the docility of a new people.

\* When of two neighbouring states the one is so inclosed by the dominions of the other, that they cannot pass without permission, the first is very hardly, and the other very dangerously, situated: and all wise nations so circumstanced, have set their neighbours free from their dependence as soon as possible.

The republic of Thlascala, thus shut up within the Mexican empire, chose rather to gain a passage for themselves, than to buy or accept gratuitous permission of passing from the Mexicans. The wise Thlascalans saw the secret design of their liberality; they preserved their freedom by refusing it: and this little state, confined within a great empire, was at length the means of its destruction.

In the arduous work of legislation it is less difficult to know what to establish than what to destroy; and what makes legislators succeed so seldom, is the impossibility of uniting the simple system of nature with those establishments which are necessary for the welfare of society. But as we very rarely see all the circumstances requisite to form a state combine together, so we seldom find any state well constructed.

There is still in this quarter of the world one country proper to receive legislation—it is the island of Corsica. The valour and constancy with which that brave people have recovered and defended their liberty, well deserves to have some wise man step forward and teach them how to preserve it; and I have a presentiment that this little island will some day astonish all Europe.

#### APOLOGIE DU JEUNE. AN APOLOGY FOR FASTING.

FROM the title of this work, one would be apt to take it for a treatise concerning a certain point in the Catholic religion. It is, however, only an answer to the usual declamations against fasting, and the author proves, that instead of injuring the health, it is on the contrary one of the surest means to prevent diseases, and to make people enjoy long life. To convince us of the truth of this, he compares one hundred and fifty-two hermits or bishops who led a solitary life, with the same number of academicians, half of the academy of sciences and half of that of the belles-lettres. On the one side their ages amounted to 11589, and on the other to only 10511; from which he concludes that fasting even to excess would prolong the lives of men of letters more than seven years. It is therefore to men of letters in particular that he addresses his reflections, and it may be easily seen that the person who speaks to them is a physician. But will his precepts be listened to? This we dare not promise. Cornaro was contented with recommending sobriety. It is pretended here, that this word does not express enough, that one

must fast in order to attain to old age, and what is singular, the author seems to prove it. It is beyond a doubt, that the greater part of the Academicians, whom the author compares with these hermits, were very sober men, and it is to be presumed that they were sober in more respects than one. The ages, however, of the seventy-six of the Academy of Sciences, make only nineteen years more than those of the same number of the Academy of Belles-lettres, so that the mean term of life has been the same within three months for each individual; from which, the author infers, that what really prolongs life, is neither any particular manner of studying, nor even what we are pleased to call *regimen* and *sobriety*, but only the austere fasting of hermits\*. "It is only among hermits," says he, "that I have found those results which are wanting among the men of letters and philosophers of our time: fewer deaths at every period of life, more people surviving, and more who have attained to a great age."

He is not contented with shewing the truth of his assertion, by comparing every ten years the number of those who have died on both sides; but he confirms it by a short survey of all nature. He asks us if there are two trees, one planted in a valley, and another, the sap of which is saved by being placed on the side of a hill, which of them will grow longest. He exhibits the voluptuous rich man, sitting at a table loaded with a profusion of dainties; and the savage, always in action; a bird in its cage, or the animal that lives with us, and the bird or animal that enjoys freedom in the open air, obliged, like the savage, to be in continual motion to procure its food, which nature has dispersed throughout almost immense space, and asks on which side health, strength and long life will be found.—The answer is easy, but he is afraid that people will not readily comprehend the reason. He presents us with a man just recovered from a disease, who is almost exhausted by regimen, sweating, and repeated evacuations, and asks what man in health has the same appetite, digests so well, sleeps so soundly, or discharges every function of life with the same facility. This is a proof, then, adds he, that to live like the hermits, and to have a dry body, destitute of juices, is the true state of man; and consequently, that the regimen of a

\* The author recommends the greatest caution in passing from the ordinary regimen to that which is to be substituted for it, and wishes it to be still more severe than that prescribed by Cornaro.

Permit, labor, watching, austerity, and virtue, is the regimen of the sage.

What the author adds in a postscript, is of the utmost importance to be known. He observes, that it is allowed by all physicians, that a child seldom dies when at the breast of its mother, and he is convinced on the contrary, by searching the obituary registers of the place where he resides, that from birth to the age of one, the number of deaths is not only more considerable than in old age, but even greater than in the space of twenty-five years at any other age; a prodigious mortality, which, he says, ought to appear astonishing, especially when we are told, that a child at its birth has more life, or less delicacy in all its parts, than before it was born. What then can be the cause of such a mortality, the most dreadful that can engage the attention of medicine and of governments? He finds only one, which is, that at the breast of its mother, the child is nourished by nature, and is afterwards under the care of our reason, and because when it is born, we will not permit it to be nourished like other animals, upon the milk of its mother only. We do not suffer it to consult need, and its own instinct, and we feed it by force, like a fowl that we are desirous of fattening, without considering that this fowl, which is not taken at its birth, or subjected to this torture, but at an age when the solids have acquired more force, even were it not destined to die, would perish by the excessive fatness which we give it.

We may, without hesitation, say, that of all the author's reflections, this is the most interesting, for the matter in consideration is not seven or eight years more or less in the duration of life, but the whole life itself. Let us, however, add that the case, with respect to this truth, will be the same as with regard to our best laws: it will be forgot the next day after it is known, or rather, it will scarcely be known by any one, if it is not preserved and diffused abroad by authority.

Such is the principal thesis of the author, and from which he deduces consequences, several of which appear to be highly worthy the attention of physicians, and even of men of letters. That which struck us most is, that a man on the return, or a man past the age of fifty, at least, with our regimen, does not generally die of that disease, which seems to be the cause of his dissolution, but because "he is wore out, and because the principle of motion is destroyed;" in a word, because it was necessary for him to die, while his distemper, to speak in the man-



ner of the author, is only like a kind of mask ; so that natural death is as common as we believe it to be rare.

What physicians ought also carefully to consider is, a kind of apoplexy, which at a certain age, or in certain stages of some diseases, attacks the stomach, according to our author, merely by the weight of the food with which it is loaded, as would happen to the brain by the pressure of the finger on that part. The consequence, which every one may comprehend, is that at this age, or in these circumstances, the life will be in danger if any nourishment is used but liquids ; and in general the author thinks, that old men have much less to fear, even from a little excess in wine or in liquors, than from the slightest intemperance in eating. We may instance, says he, drunkards who have attained to a great age, but never a glutton.

This work is divided into two parts. The second contains not only an enumeration of hermits and academicians, whom he has compared with the number of years each lived, but he has added to each article, an account of the manner in which they lived. We scarcely find among the academicians, but one physician, Mr. Merin, who nearly imitated the regimen of the hermits ; all the rest deviated more or less from it, and some of them very far. It appears that these deviations induced the author to give men of letters some advice, not only respecting the care which they ought to take of their health, in proportion above all as years come upon them, but likewise respecting the choice of their studies, the manner of studying, the value they ought to set upon study, on the necessity of interrupting it, on the advantage of pursuing some other occupation at the same time, on the respect that ought to be paid to letters, the necessity of honoring them by our manners, consequently of recalling amongst us the ancient moral philosophy, to unite a little more than is generally done knowledge and the practice of common duties, to reduce all these pleasures to the exercise of one's duty ; and in a word, as the author says, to unbend the mind by the heart. This passage, which, perhaps, is a little obscure, especially if one does not consult the errata, appears to be written with animation, and to be the production of a man of sense. To conclude, this small treatise is at least very curious, and the author was right in saying, that " an article of this kind was wanting " in our modern philosophy."

ACCOUNT OF A REMARKABLE POISONOUS INSECT  
FOUND IN SOUTH AMERICA.

**I**N the vallies of the provinces of Popayan, in South America, there are insects very remarkable for the malignity of the poisonous juices contained in their bodies. Among those there is one called Coya, or Coyba, of a fiery red colour, and in size not much exceeding a common bug. It is generally found under stones, and in the fields amongst the grass and other herbs: when this insect is crushed or burnt upon the skin of any animal, its noxious juices penetrate through the pores of the animal, mix with its blood and humours, and immediately produce a very formidable swelling; the consequence of which is, that if no remedy be applied death ensues in a very short time. The only remedy is to take the stalks or dried stems of a particular species of plant which grows in those vallies, to set them on fire, and to singe the patient's body all over with them as soon as it begins to swell, an operation which the Indians in those parts perform with surprising dexterity. It is to be observed, that if the insect is crushed in the palms of the hands no ill effect follows, from which we may conclude, that the quantity of the poison being very small, it is absorbed by the callosities of the palm of the hand, and its entrance into the blood prevented. The Indian carriers who travel through those countries, often crush them between their hands to gratify the curiosity of travellers; but it is not to be doubted that if the coya were to be crushed upon the palm of a delicate hand, in which there were no callosities, or at least none considerable, it would produce the very same effect as when crushed upon any other part of the body.

Those who have occasion to pass through these vallies, if they find themselves bit by any insect in the neck or face, take care not to scratch or touch the place, for the least will burst the coya, and it does no hurt unless it be crushed, but desire the Indians who accompany them to search where they feel the bite, and if it happens to be a coya, they blow it off with their breath without touching it, and thus free them from danger. Instinct teaches the cattle that feed in these vallies to make use of a like precaution, for they always blow very strongly upon the herbs before they eat them; but notwithstanding this the mules sometimes eat a coya, the consequence of which always is a swelling, and almost immediate death.

# POETRY.

## THE EXILE.

**F**AREWELL, oh native Spain! farewell for ever!  
 These banished eyes shall view thy coasts no more:  
 A mournful presage tells my heart, that never  
 Gonzalvo's steps again shall press thy shore.

Hushed are the winds; while soft the vessel sailing  
 With gentle motion plows the unruffled main,  
 I feel my bosom's boasted courage failing,  
 And curse the waves which bear me far from Spain.

I see yet! Beneath yon blue clear heaven  
 Still do the spires, so well-beloved, appear,  
 From yonder craggy point the gale of even  
 Still wafts my native accents to mine ear.

Propped on some moss-crowned rock, and gaily singing,  
 There in the sun his nets the fisher dries;  
 Oft have I heard the plaintive ballad, bringing  
 Scenes of past joys before my sorrowing eyes.

Ah! happy swain! he waits the accustomed hour,  
 When twilight-gloom obscures the closing sky;  
 Then gladly seeks his loved paternal bower,  
 And shares the feast his native fields supply.

Friendship and Love, his cottage guests, receive him  
 With honest welcome and with smile sincere;  
 No threatening woes of present joys bereave him;  
 No sigh his bosom owns, his cheek no tear.

Ah happy swain ! such bliss to me denying,  
 Fortune thy lot with envy bids me view ;  
 Me, who, from home and Spain an exile flying,  
 Bid all I value, all I love, adieu.

No more mine ear shall list the well-known ditty  
 Sung by some mountain-girl, who tends her goat ;  
 Some village-swain imploring amorous pity,  
 Or shepherd chanting wild his rustic notes.

No more my arms a parent's fond embraces,  
 No more my heart domestic calm must know ;  
 Far from these joys, with sighs which memory traces,  
 To sultry skies and distant climes I go,

Where Indian suns engender new diseases,  
 Where snakes and tigers breed, I bend my way,  
 To brave the feverish thirst no art appeases,  
 The yellow plague, and maddening blaze of day.

But not to feel slow pangs consume my liver,  
 To die by piece-meal in the bloom of age,  
 My boiling blood drank by insatiate fever,  
 And brain delirious with the day-star's rage,

Can make me know such grief, as thus to sever,  
 With many a bitter sigh, dear land ! from thee ;  
 To feel this heart must dote on thee for ever,  
 And feel that all thy joys are torn from me !

Ah me ; how oft will fancy's spells, in slumber,  
 Recall my native country to my mind !  
 How oft regret will bid me sadly number  
 Each lost delight, and dear friend left behind !

Wild Murcia's vales and loved romantic bowers,  
 The river on whose banks a child I played,  
 My castle's antient halls, its frowning towers,  
 Each much-regretted wood, and well-known glade ;

Dreams of the land where all my wishes centre.  
 Thy scenes, which I am doomed no more to know,  
 Full on shall memory trace, my soul's tormentor,  
 And turn each pleasure past to present woe.

But, lo ! the sun beneath the waves retires !  
 Night speeds apace her empire to restore !



Clouds from my sight obscure the village-spires,  
Now seen but faintly, and now seen no more.

Oh! breathe not, winds! Still be the water's motion!  
Sleep, sleep, my bark, in silence on the main!  
So, when to-morrow's light shall gild the ocean,  
Once more mine eyes shall see the coast of Spain.

Vain is the wish! My last petition soaring,  
Fresh blows the gale, and high the billows swell:  
Far shall we be before the break of morning:  
Oh! then, forever, native Spain, farewell!

---

ON THE CIRCAEA\*.

*From Darwin's Botanic Garden.*

**T**HRICE round the grave CIRCAEA prints her tread,  
And chants the numbers, which disturb the dead;  
Shakes o'er the holy earth her sable plume,  
Waves her dread wand, and strikes the echoing tomb!  
—Pale float the stars across the troubled night,  
The timorous moon withholds her conscious light;  
Shrill scream the famish'd bats, and shivering owls,  
And loud and long the dog of midnight howls!  
—There yawns the bursting ground!—two imps obscene  
Rise on broad wings, and hail the baleful queen;  
Each with dire grin salutes the potent wand,  
And leads the sorceress with his footy hand;  
Onward they glide, where sheds the neckless yew  
O'er many a mouldering bone its midnight dew;  
The ponderous portals of the church unbar—  
Hoarse on their hinge the ponderous portals jar;  
As through the colour'd glass the moon beam falls,  
Huge shapeless spectres quiver on the walls;

\* Enchanter's nightshade. Two males one female. It was much celebrated in the mysteries of witchcraft, and for the purpose of raising the devil, as its name imports. It grows amid the mouldering bones, and decayed coffins in the ruinous vaults of Sleaford church in Lincolnshire.

Low murmurs creep along the hollow ground ;  
 And to each step the pealing ailes resound ;  
 By glimmering lamps, protecting saints among,  
 The shrines all tremble as they pass along,  
 O'er the still choir with hideous laugh they move,  
 (Fiends yell below, and angels weep above !)  
 Their impious march to God's high altar bend,  
 With feet impure the sacred steps ascend ;  
 With wine unblest the holy chalice stain,  
 Assume the mitre and the cope profane ;  
 To heaven their eyes in mock devotion throw,  
 And to the cros with horrid mummery bow ;  
 Adjure by mimic rites the powers above,  
 And plite alternate their satannic love.

---

S O N N E T.

LIFE's summer flown, the wint'ry tempest rude  
 Began to lower on the declining year ;  
 When smiles celestial gilt the prospect drear,  
 Dispell'd the gloom, and joyful spring renew'd ;  
 Fresh flow'ers beneath her fairy feet were strew'd ;  
 Again soft accents woo'd the enchanted ear ;  
 In her bright form, as in a mirror clear,  
 Reflected, each gay scene of life I view'd,  
 Young in her youth, and graceful in her grace,  
 In her's, I lived o'er every joy again ;  
 Lived o'er the charms that beam'd upon her face,  
 Where Hope and Love revived their smiling train.  
 Night o'er the scene her blackest veil has spread :  
 And Death's pale hand a tenfold horror shed.

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*Embellished with a portrait of Fothergill.*

## CONTAINING,

Life of Fothergill	Page 75
On the advantages of a taste for the general beauties of nature, by Dr. Percival,	85
Account of courtship and marriage of Dr. Johnson	88
Remarks on the Genius of Akenfide, By Mrs. Barbauld	90
Account of the Beaver, by Goldsmith	95
On the great absurdity of declamation against Luxury. By Vol- taire	100
Description of Mount Blanc. By M. Bourrit	102
Advantages of the social principle over a great understanding towards promoting the happiness of individuals,	105
Pleasures of Ignorance	112
Religion and Festivals of the Spartans	115
On the invention of Telescopes and Microscopes, by Joseph Priestley, L. L. D.	119
Observations on the black Ants of Africa. By the Abbe Poiret	125
Manner of preparing Sago	130
Letter from Mr. Pope to Dr. Swift, on the latter persuading the former to change his Religion	131
Account of the Comet discovered, Aug. 14, 1797	134
Hint concerning taxable matters	135
Anecdote	136
Of the inhabitants of Lohria. From Niebuhr's Travels	137

## P O E T R Y.

Death Song of Ouabi. By Mrs. Moreton	139
Liberty. From Metastasio	140
Ode on seeing a Negro funeral	142
Lines by Mrs. Robinson	143
Lines in praise of mirth. By Mr. Woty,	144

## P H I L A D E L P H I A :

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## NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*WE acknowledge the essay signed "Public good," to possess both argument and style. But as the discussion it proposes involves politics local in their nature, and personal in their application, we decline inserting it.*

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*An interview is requested with Juvenix. Can be convince us that the fire of his muse glows with no personal malevolence, our judgment will be favourable.*

---

*Some mathematical questions, proposed for solutions, are under consideration.*

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*X. Y. is informed that in our arrangements we had anticipated what he recommends.*

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*Pieces not noticed will be considered by their several authors to be under consideration, until noticed in our information to Correspondents.*

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ON THE ADVANTAGES OF A TASTE FOR THE GENERAL BEAUTIES OF NATURE, BY Dr. PERCIVAL, OF MANCHESTER.

**T**HAT sensibility to beauty; which, when cultivated and improved, we term taste, is universally diffused through the human species; and it is most uniform with respect to those objects, which, being out of our power, are not liable to variation, from accident, caprice, or fashion. The verdant lawn, the shady grove, the variegated landscape, the boundless ocean, and the starry firmament, are contemplated with pleasure by every attentive beholder. But the emotions of different spectators, though similar in kind, differ widely in degree: and to relish, with full delight, the enchanting scenes of nature, the mind must be uncorrupted by avarice, sensuality or ambition; quick in her sensibilities; elevated in her sentiments; and devout in her affections. He, who possesses such exalted powers of perception and enjoyment, may almost say, with the poet,

" I care not, Fortune! what you me deny;  
 " You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace;  
 " You cannot shut the windows of the sky,  
 " Thro' which Aurora shews her brightening face;  
 " You cannot bar my constant feet to trace  
 " The woods and lawns, by living stream, at eve:  
 " Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,  
 " And I their toys to the great children leave;  
 " Of fancy, reason, virtue, nought can me bereave."

Perhaps such ardent enthusiasm may not be compatible with the necessary toils, and active offices, which Providence has assigned to the generality of men. But there are none, to whom some portion of it may not prove advantageous; and if it were cherished, by each individual, in that degree, which is consistent with the indispensable duties of his station, the felicity of human life would be considerably augmented. From this source, the refined and vivid pleasures of the imagination are almost entirely derived: and the elegant arts owe their choicest beauties to a taste for the contemplation of nature. Painting and sculpture are express imitations of visible objects: and where would be

For the American Universal Magazine .



*From the original.*

**D<sup>r</sup> FOTHERGILL.**